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THE WATER-CURE.

STOMACH COMPLAINTS

AND

DRUG DISEASES.

NAPOLEON AT St HELENA,

IN THE SECOND YEAR OF CANCER OF THE STOMACH.

"I never had for abstract fame much passion,
But would much rather have a sound digestion
Than Buonaparte's cancer. — could I dash on
Through fifty victories to shame or fame,
Without a stomach — what were a great name?"

THE WATER-CURE.

STOMACH COMPLAINTS & DRUG DISEASES,

THEIR

CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES, AND CURE

BY

WATER,

AIR, EXERCISE, AND DIET.

WITH

An Engraving of Napoleon in the Second Stage of Cancer of the Stomach.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

TWO LETTERS

TO DR. HASTINGS OF WORCESTER,

ON THE

RESULTS OF THE WATER-CURE AT MALVERN.

BY JAMES WILSON, M.D.

PHYSICIAN TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE NASSAU, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF LONDON, LATE FELLOW OF THE ROYAL MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, &c. &c. &c.

AUTHOR OF THE "WATER CURE," AND OF "A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CURATIVE EFFECTS OF VAPOUR APPLIED LOCALLY."

"We are unwilling to believe that great effects may arise from simple causes, and so WATER fell into disuse."—*MS. Notes of Professor Macartney's Surgical Lectures.*

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TO THE

SUFFERING AND MUCH-ABUSED STOMACHS

OF

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA'S

FAITHFUL SUBJECTS,

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH medical literature abounds with treatises on the diseased conditions of the stomach, it has always appeared to me that they lacked that comprehensiveness which can alone render clear to the laical reader the immense influence exercised by that organ in the production of a long list of ailments for which he can rarely account. It has been too commonly the practice to speak of, and to treat, each of such ailments as a distinct disease, and, in thus failing to attach it to the stomach, to make that organ the vehicle for remedies, the *ultimate* effect of which is to increase and strengthen the morbid cause resident in the digestive apparatus. A practical result of this kind was too serious not to warrant an attempt to place the important subject of stomach and bowel disease in its true light, and connect it with the thousand and one sensations in other parts of the body, of which it is at once the centre and the cause.

But this attempt is further necessary when it is held in mind that, in order to *relieve* the sensations alluded to, a system of medication has long been established which generates, maintains, and augments a state of the stomach and bowels, that is altogether incompatible with a chance of *radical recovery* either from their disease or from the sensations that are so generally but so erroneously supposed to be separate complaints. To such an extent, indeed, has this system been carried, that in speaking of STOMACH COMPLAINTS it becomes unavoidable to refer a portion of them to drugging as a cause, and thus to establish a class of disorders hitherto unappreciated, but of the existence of which no precise medical observer can doubt; to this class I have given the name of DRUG DISEASES.

To the causes, symptoms, and treatment of these two orders of disease, therefore, I purpose to dedicate the pages of a work, the First Part of which is now published.

This First Part contains the *causes* of stomach and bowel disease in infancy, childhood, and the adult age, with the manner in which they produce their effects. The symptoms in each of these periods of life are also given in detail: and among these many disorders are explained in their

connexion with the stomach and bowels. I allude more particularly to Rheumatism, Gout, Tic Douloureux, Apoplexy, Cough, Piles, &c. Further, as in this land of active minds, the effects of digestive disease on the mind are prominent though not sufficiently recognized, especial stress has been laid on the harassing phenomena of Thought which are coincident with the signs in the stomach and bowels: an important fact, since were it sufficiently attended to in the early part of the complaints treated of, many distressing hours, days, and years might be avoided. Accordingly, the action of the Passions is entered upon, and its consequences considered in each of them: which comprehends the digestive complaints of *men of business, literary men*, and others. In this portion of the general subject the First Part terminates.

In the Second Part, in continuing the subject of the Passions, and under the head of Ambition, opportunity will be taken to give the detailed account of the last illness of NAPOLEON, showing how it grew from bad to worse, was connected with the mind on the one hand, and was aggravated by physic on the other. In the meanwhile, as the two Parts will form one volume, an en-

graving of NAPOLEON from the original sketch by Horace Vernet is given with the present one, although the case of the Emperor will form part of the subsequent one. In this last also an essay on the effects of the drugs in most common usage will be given, and the disorders each one begets, together with the manner in which it does so, will be mentioned:—a beacon, I trust, to warn from the mischief-working employment of those so-called remedies. The subject of DIET will form another section of this Second Part, and some commonly received errors on that head be discussed.

Finally, in the Second Part, an exposition of the manner in which Stomach Complaints and Drug Diseases may be both prevented and radically cured by the operation of water, employed according to a variety of methods, and with reference to a variety of symptoms, will be given. And the entire subject wound up with a concise account of what constitutes HEALTH, and of the first dawning of DISEASE.

I should apologise to my readers for appending to this Part certain Letters to Dr. Hastings, had I confined myself to the matter of personal and professional dispute between that person and myself. But as the reader will find in them

much information concerning the Water-cure, as it is practised in Malvern, the mode of proceeding when here, the objections that have been made against the great modern discovery, and the best manner of availing himself of it, he may with propriety be referred to the Letters for much that could not have been imparted in the body of the treatise which precedes them.

Many might infer, from the very friendly interchange of ideas between myself and Dr. Hastings, that I was at loggerheads with the whole of my professional brethren. I think it but justice to them and myself to state, that this is far from being the case. Since my work on the Water-cure appeared, I have had the pleasure of receiving many very friendly letters on the subject from medical men, standing high in the profession. They have also sent me patients from London, Cheltenham, and Liverpool. Since I have been here I have had four of my professional brethren under my care, and have had the additional satisfaction of seeing them depart satisfied, that the Water-cure was a system of the greatest value; acknowledging that it was all fair and above board, and without a *mélange* of "*hocus pocus*." Some medical men have not been exactly pleased with

my style of writing, others have said, "it was just the thing;" each may have his reasons for his taste and opinions in this matter. I have, also, mine; and they agree with those of Sir Astley Cooper, who says, that there are times and seasons when "*milk and water language*" is not the most appropriate or useful. In my "WATER-CURE," every one must acknowledge that I have strenuously avoided personalities. Let those who write against it say as much. It is impossible to please every one. I have no ambition to place myself in the position of the old man and his donkey. I write what I think is right, and am ready to defend it, as well as to reply to any personal attack in the vein and humour of the aggressor. For, as Dr. Hastings justly observes, "*England expects every man to do his duty*" to himself, which ought to comprise his duty to his neighbour. Let them attack the WATER-CURE as much as they please, while I attack the DRUG SYSTEM; between us we shall elicit some useful truths. I have only further to add—and I am sure all who know me will acknowledge its correctness—that no one can find a greater pleasure in, or be more desirous of, being on a friendly footing with every one, than myself.

J. W.

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STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND

DRUG DISEASES.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE fable of the Limbs and the Belly represents the former discontented at the slothfulness of the latter, and declaring they will no longer do all the work. How contrary these assumed relative positions of our frame are to their actual conditions will sufficiently appear in the course of these pages. Man has racked his ingenuity in finding new and monstrous modes of taxing the vital powers of his stomach and bowels: whilst he has scarcely been less inventive in the ways of sparing the strength of his limbs. From the cradle to the grave, from

the first sob to the last sigh, the acuteness of his thought seems to be concentrated on the torture of that inner part of him whose office, when properly employed, is that of a laboratory, analysing all that he takes, and recomposing it for the purpose of giving vigour to the limbs, and vivacity to the intellect. Earth, and sea, and air, have been searched for the instruments of this torture: the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms have been made to furnish their quota of mischievous agents: and Science, laid under contribution, has given rise to the art of tickling and worrying the much-abused stomach and bowels.

But long-suffering though they be, there is a point of endurance beyond which they utterly refuse to proceed. Warnings they give often and again in the course of a life, that though they do their work, they do it not kindly and without remonstrance. These warnings and remonstrances are either not attended to, or, if heard, are punished as the tyrannous nature of man has ere now prompted him to deal with those who, stamped as his property, have dared to question his will;—they are answered by additional labour and additional provocatives to it, until their convulsive attempts are succeeded by palsied exhaustion, or

break into wild rebellion that overthrows both the physical and the mental framework of the individual.

Such is the figurative allusion to the history of a stomach, which I shall proceed to reduce to the realities of existence that are seen daily around us. Alas! were it but known how much of the misery we behold in the world—how much of the "envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness," that pervade society—how much of the vice and crimes that horrify the philanthropist—how much of the tyranny, lust of conquest and bloodshed, that man's history presents,—is traceable to the irritated stomach originating the irritated brain, surely it would be the pleasure, as it is the duty, of each individual to reduce the amount of these horrors by his example and teaching to others of a better usage of this primarily important organ of his constitution!

And let no sneer from the ignorant or thoughtless greet this assertion. Is not the overwhelming power of prejudice, based on the examples of individuals, flagrant throughout the history of our race? Is there any enormity of diet or regimen which the fashion set by some individual or coterie has not sanctified and caused to be acted upon? Ere now, has not the hard drinking of an illus-

trious person, or the gourmandize of a noble person, made a nation of drunkards, and a society of gluttons? A century has rolled by since the death of Peter the Great, yet to this day the brandy-drinking propensities of that talented barbarian taint the social atmosphere of Russia, where, morning, noon, and night, the scalding green tea, made hotter still with cognac, greets the visitor and *warms* the social intercourse! Not a quarter of a century ago, in this land of intelligence and industry, we beheld *gentlemen*—ay, and it was one of the attributes of a gentleman too!!—locking the door of the room in which their guests were, in order that none should escape until a quantum of *fiery fluid* was imbibed which rendered an open or closed door alike to them,—for they had lost the use of their nether limbs, or were wallowing "*under the table.*" So also in eating, we behold the jaded, filthy appetite of the dissolute Louis XV. racking the wits of his cooks and courtiers to the invention of hitherto unheard of compounds and disguises of wholesome fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetable, until the taste descending from prince to peer, and from peer to peasant, the "Grande Nation," have since stood forward—noble distinction!—as the best cooks and the greatest gormandizers of civilized Europe.

A similar process is going on in small circles of men, and in each one there are one or more whose example is looked up to by the aggregate of the circle. If the truths which I shall announce in these pages reach the eyes and impress the understanding of such, the appeal to individuals will not be so wild as on the surface may appear. All good, as all evil, flows from individual example; and should my words be for good to one, let him announce them to many; it will be well worth his while and theirs: and if they act upon them, they will find their reward in calmer sensations within themselves and kindlier feelings to each other.

On one point I must not be misunderstood. Already I have alluded, and shall have constant occasion to allude, to the effects of the stomach's condition on that of the brain, and the production thereby of certain mental actions. As, in stating this fact, I shall use the term "brain," and the term "mind," indiscriminately, and as standing one for the other, I would have it clearly understood that I do so simply for the sake of verbal convenience, to prevent repetition, and as indicative that the brain is the recognized *physical* agent of the *immaterial* mind. What the physician sees

is, that a certain state of brain is accompanied with a certain state of temper, affections, and so forth: and he therefore comes to speak of the influence and the agent, the mind and the brain, synonymously, without having the most distant idea of trenching on the question of the mind's material or spiritual constitution. It is necessary to say thus much, because the world is so peopled with disordered stomachs, and *therefore* with ill-natured minds, that it behoves a writer to be pre-armed against its cavils. And now to the details of our subject.

THE CAUSES OF STOMACH DISORDER.

First I shall state, briefly but significantly, that these are to be found throughout life in

1. Food.
2. Physic.
3. Fretting.

The last, however, is as often an effect as a cause, in which capacity, notwithstanding, it is necessary to mention it, since, when once established in the mind by the stomach, it returns the compliment; a sort of game in which the life of the individual is the shuttlecock, and the brain and stomach the battledores, that keep it in an uneasy, tost-about state for a certain time, and then let it drop very unceremoniously. But of this more hereafter.

With regard to food and physic, it might perhaps be more strictly correct to place *physic* in

the *first* rank, because the ill-usage of the stomach commences with it earlier than with food: "the bland and milky stream" of the mother, being considered too great a treat for the poor child to take unadulterated by drugs. I have yet placed it in the second line, because it is taken during the greater part of existence as a supposed remedy for the evils which food has begotten; although I shall show that it is only the substitution of one evil for another.

But as we most commonly find all these causes preying on the unfortunate stomach at once; as we behold them inextricably mixed up with each other, and hanging togother in a necessary chain—the abuse of food begetting the abuse of physic, or vice versâ, and both or each begetting a fretful and irrational mind, which deprives the person of that clearness and power of intellect that would enable him to regulate his food, and avoid all physic whatever,—the better mode of developing the operation of these causes will be to give a sketchy history of a stomach from birth onwards, wherein I will endeavour to pourtray the manner in which man mars his genuine happiness by that fictitious excitement of his body, which is so often mistaken for happiness.

Incidental to this, I shall show that HIS ATTEMPT TO REMEDY HIS UNEASY SENSATIONS BY DRUGS IS, IF POSSIBLE, A STILL MORE INSANE ACT THAN THE PRODUCTION OF THEM BY THE ABUSE OF FOOD. I shall further show how the most fatal and distressing complaints—apoplexy, heart-disease, insanity, hypochondriasis, and so forth,—are necessarily the results of the combined mischiefs of food and physic, and how, when any of these are established, they are aggravated by the drugging system of practice, so lamentably prevalent among the purged, vomited, bled, and blistered population of these realms. Finally, I will show how all these diseases of mind and body may be avoided, or, if already in existence, cured or relieved, by the employment of the only remedy that combines efficacy with perfect safety,—the only remedy that is an antidote without being a bane,—the only remedy that respects those delicate inner parts wherein the core of man's life is situated,—the only remedy that does not lacerate, and as it were, tear into shreds those delicate nervous parts on which every sensation hangs,—and that remedy is THE EMPLOYMENT OF WATER.

HISTORY OF THE STOMACH IN INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

The immediately painful impression of the atmosphere upon the skin of a new-born babe, having subsided in a great degree, the stomach begins to crave for sustenance, and the child sucks vigorously the finger that is introduced into its mouth. The bland milk of its mother, or some artificial resemblance of it, is what is looked for; but what does it actually get? A mixture of butter and sugar, a "leetle" gin and water sweetened, *to bring off the wind*, or a dose of castor oil! Imagine the astonishment of the stomach on the entrance of these matters into its cavity! Its natural gift of analysis is in vain brought into play, for nature never intended it to be exercised on such things at such a time. Accordingly, after an attempt to turn the butter and sugar to account, it gives it up as a bad job, gets ill-tempered, and pours out a quantity of sour juices, which aid in making the butter rancid, and turning the sugar into vinegar. Or if the gin be poured into it, it straightway gets into a violent passion at the intruder, calls all the blood it can obtain from other

parts of the body, and strives to surround the burning fluid with an ocean of its own mucus. Or lastly, on finding the castor oil installed, it is so disgusted with its presence, that after several endeavours to return it whence it came, it makes a violent effort to pass it on to the bowels, in doing which it, as in the last instances, calls a large quantity of blood to its aid, and washes the abomination downwards with a flood of mucus, and with convulsive movements.

Now in each of these cases, the powers of the stomach are unnaturally taxed: and as is the fact with regard to all living bodies and portions of them, unnatural exertion is followed by extreme exhaustion, which, again, is ever accompanied with extreme irritation. *A tired stomach, like a tired man, is very irritable*, and whether craving for food or wearied by digesting too much of it, everything about it feels its anger. Is it a wonder then that this neophyte stomach should get into a vehement rage at finding itself thus worked in the first moments of its mundane existence? Is it a wonder that in this state it should indiscriminately vent itself on all about it, that it should render the brain and every nerve proceeding from it painfully excited? That it

does so is shown by the crying and squalling that ensues on the above-named messes. Besides the inflammatory condition the stomach has been forced into, the castor oil, and the vinegar that were once sugar and butter, as they pass along the bowels, cause the secretion of vast volumes of air, and as this distends them, they contract spasmodically to get rid of it:—the child is griped in the bowels, as well as inflamed in the stomach. And between the two, the mama, and nurse, and doctor are unreasonable enough to expect that it should be quiet.

It will be asked, "Why are these things given?" Gentle reader, that is a very pertinent question, but 'tis not mine to answer, for I never give them. Ask those who do, and they will probably tell you that "*the septic or putrescent qualities of the retained meconium acting on the villous coat of the intestinal mucous membrane, and the presence of flatus in the cardiac extremity of the stomach, as well as the sacs of the colon, require the catharsis of the one, and the forcible expulsion of the other by carminatives.*" At which the nurse stares with all her eyes, declares that the doctor "speaks like a book," and that a man who knows so many hard words must be right: the doctor's

hard words are straightway connected with *hard deeds*, and the poor baby suffers because the doctor "speaks like a book,"—BUT DOES NOT KNOW THE HUMAN BODY.

For, gentle reader, this stomach and these bowels are not to be "washed out," like an india-rubber tube, or a gas-pipe. They are, on the contrary, exceedingly lively parts of the body, quite awake to their own interests, and not at all inclined to be passive, while all kinds of filth are thrown into them. And herein consists the ignorance or the roguery of him who "speaks like a book." He does not know, or cares not if he does, that a morsel of improper food, or piece of some drug, return from the stomach, or are hurried through the bowels, only because these parts put themselves into excessive action to do one or the other: he knows not, or cares not if he does, that such action is communicated to the other organs of the frame, and especially to the brain and heart, and that irreparable mischief thus follows from the repetition of it. If I gave an answer, therefore, it would be either a charitable one, to the effect that these things are done because ignorance is common: or if you prefer the uncharitable explanation, it is that there is some mysterious

connexion between the stomach of the patient and the pocket of the physician.

I shall allude to this subject hereafter. In the meanwhile I have dwelt on the particular point now, because it stands *exempli gratiâ* for much that is to follow. The first doses of food and physic the new-born stomach has, are exemplifications of the false principles on which that organ is treated throughout life. The stomach of a babe "asks for bread, and gets a stone;" it asks for milk, and gets castor oil, spirit and water, or butter and sugar. *Règle générale* for the remainder of life.

During several months the stomach is tolerably well treated as regards food, provided the mother performs the duty of nurse. The only exception is that her milk is occasionally rendered *fiery* by the wine, beer, or spirits she takes "to support her strength," or *purgative*, by the drugs which the doctor — considerate man!—assures her are necessary to rid her of a quantity of bile that has accumulated in the liver, (accumulated, by-the-by, in consequence of the beer-bibbing he has recommended to "make milk.")

The infantile stomach gets not so well off on the score of physic, as of food. Some

way or other it is discovered, that the secretions are not as healthy as they might be, and "a slight alterative," combined with "a gentle laxative," (a grain or two of calomel to wit, combined with twice the quantity of rhubarb or jalap,) are brought into requisition. Griping again; but what of that? Is there not a black bottle (laudanum) on that shelf, a white one (magnesia) on the other, and a limpid one (cinnamon or dill-water) on a third, which, mixed together, will stop the pain? Presto, 'tis done; and not only pain, but all the secretions too are stopped. But people are never contented: the secretions were bad, and it was wrong: there are none at all, and that is wrong too. An astute workman, however, is never without his resources and his tools. To work he goes again, and as he cannot make them out to be bad, the secretions must be "restored." The bottles on the shelves exert their magic power again: the clear brown of senna and the gorgeous yellow of rhubarb tincture, added to the charms of a syrup, made from the same root, invite the eye and palate of the babe, and down they go into the doomed stomach. But this has no eye for colours or taste for sweets: it only knows, and the bowels join it in the knowledge,

what pleases and what vexes it, what is pleasurable and what painful labour, what is a welcome, and what are unwelcome tenants. Once again they join their floods, like Simöis and Scamander, to thrust out the pretty-looking torture—and lo! the secretions *are* restored.

I would my tale ended here: but more remains behind. Stimulated by such means as these, the stomach and bowels subsequently fall into a state of exhaustion and apathy, out of which the same stimulation alone is judged capable of arousing them. In this manner it is that even in infancy the pernicious and unnatural system of purging is established, and embitters the years of a whole existence. It is to the nerves of the belly what dram-drinking is to the brain and its nerves: it begets the necessity—the horrible and destructive necessity—for continually provoking and irritating the delicate and sensitive insides of children; insides that were intended by nature for the reception of only the blandest nutriment, and the diluting action of the purest water. Oh! it revolts all intuitive and common sense, it runs counter to all acquired knowledge of the human frame, to behold the tender constitution of infancy thus tampered with, and recklessly lacerated by the

hands of ignorance and quackery! Yes, of QUACKERY! For that system is quackery, whose remedies are mysterious, and written in a mysterious jargon, unintelligible to all save the initiated few! That system *is* quackery, *wherein the direful consequences of remedies are overlooked in the attempts at immediate but deceiving and transient relief!* That system *is* quackery, which thereby throws dust in the eyes of the unlucky and credulous patient! That system *is* quackery, which proceeds on the principle of producing a *drug disease* in lieu of the accidental one! That system *is* quackery which renders the body exquisitely sensitive to the operation of every cause of disease, both internal and external! That system *is* quackery, wherein men grow rich by the sale of draughts and pills and plasters, calling themselves "professional men" the while! That system *is* quackery, wherein, as is well known, many physicians and apothecaries play into each other's hands, to the detriment of the patient's person and pocket, the one "prescribing to suit the other's bill," which again regulates the "calling in" of the prescriber! Begotten of mystery and ignorance, quackery owns impudence, insincerity, and extortion for its sponsors, and the

entire family of quacks fatten in the garden (such as the Apothecaries at Chelsea?) of drug medication!

This is my belief; and could nine tenths of the stomachs in this United Kingdom utter their grievances, they would cheer me on in this publication of it; in which I know full well that I am calling upon myself a torrent of abuse and vilification from those interested in the maintenance of this fearful drugging system. But if I succeed in rescuing ever so few stomachs from the deadly agency of this Poison Tree, the Upas of human peace and happiness,—their abuse will be my comfort, their vilification my pride.

Yes, it is the "Upas tree of human peace and happiness." With the earliest days of the babe, it commences to exert a malign influence on the mind. The incessant irritation of the nerves of the stomach and bowels is communicated to, and kept up in, the brain and spinal cord. The child, though it were born with an angel's temper, would become a fiend under the influence of such physical irritation, such interference with the natural physical processes. It knows not—how should it, since thousands of adults are ignorant?—*why everything vexes and nothing pleases.* Toys and

coaxing, rods and rebukes, come in like guise to the excited and fretful nervous system of the child, until the patience of the parent or nurse is wearied, and the sufferer is stamped and treated as an incorrigibly ill-tempered brat. Fresh fuel to the fire! fresh cause for physic! "Sure*ly*," quoth nurse, "summat *must* be the matter, to make master Henry so fractious." The breast is essayed, to which the child applies his hot and fiery mouth with all the fierce energy of internal fever, and is quiet whilst thirst is being gratified. Rage and restlessness follow again on the cessation of nursing. Now, though each one knows that whilst the child is drinking it is quiet, it never occurs to them—so immense is the power of prejudice!—to cool its stomach and temper with a little water. Cold water indeed! why, any one can give *that!* there is no mystery in *that!* there is no Latin in *that!* "I wouldn't even *wash* him in water," once more saith nurse. "Poor baby," adds the mother, quite affected at the idea of such barbarity, "would they put nasty water into its dear little stomach;—*send for the doctor.*" A flood of sympathy for the disturbed and shaken nerves of the parent escapes from the worthy doctor: the child is "nailed to sleep"

with physic—*not nasty, of course,*—and, on the following day, begins to scream again worse than ever.

I put it to any one who has witnessed the rearing of children, whether this is not the true picture of the process as it is usually practised. "*C'est le premier pas qui coute:*" the first error has led to all this; and this leads on to the formation of a character that too often repays with interest the debt of pain and irritation, contracted with the parent in the helpless days of infancy. Subjected to early and unnatural stimulus rising from the stomach, the brain, in after years when passion takes on its manly strength, and requires the softening power of maternal love to moderate its career, and when the kindlier feelings of human nature should be in activity to counteract the absorbing quality of selfishness,—the brain has, by the time those years are reached, acquired such a habit of irritative activity, that the slightest obstacle to the gratification of any passion, or of the most disgusting selfishness, is swept aside by the irresistible impulses of a long-disordered physique; the man is a *hard* and *conflicting*, instead of a *human and sympathising* being; and the pur-blind parent is broken down by the ingrati-

tude and propensities of him *on whom she had bestowed so much care in infancy!*

Is it then so trifling a matter to look to the irritation of food and physic on the stomach in early childhood? I put the question now, in order that the reader may bear it in mind as I proceed in the developement of the subject in the after years of life. For I will show, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the grosser passions of our nature, and the overwhelming selfishness that so revolts our better nature, keep exact pace with the condition of our physical constitution; a truth trite enough in its enunciation, but wofully, most wofully overlooked in its practical application.

Meantime the brain of the child, which recognises and reacts upon this irritation from below, is not free from that species of it which is announced by actual pain. The temper is rendered bad, but there may be nothing of what is called *pain* in this. But as the brain sends nerves all over the body, (you cannot prick a part with a pin without lacerating some of its nerves,) so there is no part but is rendered more irritable by the same cause. Accordingly, when *teething* commences, there is ten times more pain than

nature intended there should be: and this is often so excessive as to produce *inflammation of the brain*, (already dreadfully excited, be it remembered,) ending in *water in the head or in convulsions*. The nerves of the skin too become so irritable, that any inequality in the clothing often causes chafing, and the stoppage of a little sweat in the joints, (about the groins, hams, and arm-pits especially,) gives rise to soreness. Children are commonly said never to have *headache* and *tic-douloureux:* but this may be questioned; at all events they are in excellent condition to have it, when the stomach is worried with food and physic. All the diseases also to which childhood is liable, measles, scarlet-fever, hooping-cough, and so forth, are aggravated in their character, and are accompanied with much more pain and danger, if the stomach and bowels have been previously and habitually subjected to the irritating action of medicines.

With regard to these last-named complaints, it may be said, that the drugging of the stomach renders the body infinitely more liable to take their infection than would otherwise be the case, and, when taken, to render the disease of a bad kind and of prolonged convalescence. The evils

that follow on them,—such as consumption after measles, water in the head after scarlet-fever, disfigurement after small-pox, &c., are also more formidable under the drugging system, practised both before and during the attack of the particular disease.

For look how the matter stands. Take the instance of scarlet-fever. Here is an inflammation of the skin, which is indicative of, and indeed follows upon, an inflammatory state of the stomach and bowels. What says the man of the drugging system? "We must cool the system;" and straitway he puts that into the said stomach and bowels which inflames them worse than ever, namely, purgatives. Or the cry is, "We must determine to the skin," and emetics and opiates conjoined feed the internal flame. (I may mention *en passant* that both these desired effects may be produced by one agent — the simple wet sheet.) Grant that in the due course of *nature*, and in spite of this destructive *art*, the inflammation of the skin, and of the stomach and bowels, diminishes, what ensues? Instead of being *subdued, utterly got under, and eradicated*, it turns out that the inflammatory action of the parts in question has only been *transferred*, and dropsy of

the head, of the chest, of the belly, or more fortunately of the skin, tell pretty plainly whither the transfer has been. And all this, because men will not credit their eyes, and follow their noses. For the common sense of such a case is this: "I see a hot, inflamed skin, and I see a hot, inflamed stomach; I see also a patient who wants, actually begs for, something cold to bathe these hot places." How any one can respond to this by saying, "*therefore* he should have that which makes both places more and more inflamed," I must ingenuously confess, passes my wit, maternal and acquired. Still such response is made and acted upon: *and the stomach echoes the response through many a year of suffering.*

So it is, and shame it is so. In these complaints of childhood, which, properly treated, blow over and leave no track behind them, we behold a fertile source of the stomach derangements of that age, to be perpetuated in the subsequent periods of it. "He has never been able to eat plum-pudding since he had the scarlet-fever," says the mother of some pale-faced little boy; "No," it might be replied, "and never will be able, thanks to the pills, powders, and potions, that have traversed his unfortunate inside." And thus

in infancy and childhood, one thing after another disagrees, which ought never to have disagreed, and the childish dyspeptic finishes by becoming the full-grown hypochondriac, a misery to himself and all about him.

But this miserable system is kept up as an ordinary thing in a child's ordinary state of health. The ill-judging parent, taught by unlucky experience, that a "powder" puts all to right after infantile gormandising, becomes more and more careless of the child's diet. "Why should the little thing be allowed to cry for a cake, when a powder in the morning will clear it away?" Thus the alternation of purgation and indigestion are kept up: the former remedying for a brief period the immediate symptoms of the latter, which again are renewed with greater intensity at each attack. The purgative *relieves*, but so far from *curing*, leaves behind it a sensitiveness of stomach, that renders the improper food more and more irritating each time it is taken, until the same amount of mischief is at length produced by *half* a tart which a whole one formerly caused.

The effect of drug treatment is further exhibited on the child's *external surface*. Instead of the healthy red of the plump cheek, we behold the

dirty complexion of a skin that hangs in folds from the cheek-bones, making a lengthened in lieu of a rotund chubby face. Instead of the eye dancing in the head with the vivacity of healthy brain circulation, we behold the dull, filmy-looking ball; what should be the *white* of the eye yellow, and more or less bloodshot; the eyelids more or less red at the edges, and often affected with *styes*, or beset with a gummy exudation. The edges of the nostrils are fretted by the irritation of the stomach and bowels, and the child is ever rubbing them until they become tumid and sore. The breath is tainted from a like cause within, and from the reddened tonsils and gums. The limbs are small, shrunk, and flabby, whilst the belly is out of all proportion swollen, hard, and hot. Not unfrequently the morbid nourishment of the body generally, and of the bones in particular, that takes place in such cases, leads to the softening of the latter, and either the ribs get flattened at the sides causing a "pigeon-breast," the bones of the spine give way and the child becomes crooked, or the weight of the body, in the early attempts to walk, induces the hideous "bow-legs" that are so commonly seen waddling along the streets. And lastly, as regards the whole skin, instead of rapid

circulation of blood in it, and consequent softness, elasticity, moisture, and coolness, it is dry, hot almost bloodless, and of a dingy hue.

The details that might be entered into on these points are endless. But what I have here advanced generally will suffice to show,

1. That food and physic, keeping the stomach and bowels in a state of constant irritation, produce a bad digestion, and the formation of ill-conditioned blood.

2. That this constant irritation extends from the stomach to the brain and the entire nervous system, producing ill-temper, unrefreshing sleep, and a general excitement of the nerves, that renders the individual liable to all the causes of diseases, and these of the worst character.

3. That by the joint operation of this excitement, and the ill condition of the blood alluded to, the nourishment of the exterior of the body is disordered, and this last is bloodless, dingy in complexion, emaciated, distorted, and so forth.

Here, then, is a fine basis on which to build the future individual; the man who, according to all rules of sound morality, is to live *for*, not *upon*, his fellow being—who is to be loving, kind, compassionate, grateful, long-suffering, and unselfish,—

who is to rejoice in his being, and thank God for the sense of bounding life and energy within him,—who is to rise early, and after working with willing and vigorous mind and limb, to sleep an unbroken and dreamless sleep,—who is to terminate a middle age of usefulness and virtue, unruffled by evil passions, and untainted by evil deeds, in an old age of calm contentment, and placid prospect of a death without pain and full of hope!

For such a career was man intended by the beneficent Creator, by whom men were made upright, "but they have sought out many inventions." I leave to others the announcement of the *moral* agencies at work to deteriorate the human being in the early days of his existence. But the absolute necessity that physical training should accompany the moral, is a truth becoming more and more fixed in the belief of all just thinkers. At the same time no considerations of trimming policy should deter the medical physiologist from proclaiming that long ere the morale of the child is sufficiently formed to be acted upon by precepts or example, the physical machine upon which the soul operates in producing the phenomena of mind, has been deteriorated, in the great majority of instances, by food and physic, to

an extent that renders it afterwards a most unfit instrument for the healthy, the virtuous development of the immaterial part of our nature. A CARDINAL VIRTUE IS THE CARE OF THE BODY, for it leads to the cultivation of the best qualities of the mind, and gives energy to their practical application. The dreamer and spouter of abstract virtue may be possessed of a frame abused by human contrivances, and genius is often so circumstanced; but he alone in whom temperance and prudence, as regards that frame, abound, is capable of rendering, and even eager to render, his virtues useful to all around him.

If, then, the pains and aches of the body, its unnatural irritations and excitements, date from the early abuse of its chief organ, the stomach; if that abuse is made by the early administration of improper food, and its supposed remedy, though real aggravator, physic; the duty of parents is, clearly, to avoid these agents and follow out the dictates of nature. The battle is against antiquated prejudice, not against the interests of parents. For it is plainly their interest to diminish the amount of anxiety attendant on the rearing of their children; and what harrows more than infantile sickness? The mischief begins with the

first dose of physic; let me ask, wherefore was it given? Because it is usual. The habit has become established, it is said, afterwards. Reader, I will show you, before I finish these pages, how to overthrow the habit. You have heard but one tale from your youth upwards; you shall hear another and more cheering one; you need to be enlightened, and you shall be, though all the pestles and mortars in broad England are hurled at me.

"Bonis nocet, quisquis pepercerit malis."

HISTORY OF THE STOMACH IN ADULT AGE.

"No age like childhood; it has no troubles,"—is in everybody's mouth who has been knocked about in the world, and seen and thought upon its monstrosities. Like every adage, it is based in truth, though the mode of expression is too exclusive. Dealing with the physical part of man as I do, I should say that it is true, in so far as the brains of children, although maintained in a state of irritation by the disordered condition of the stomach and bowels, and therefore easily excited by external circumstances, are yet in too green a state to retain impressions for any length of time. Hence in childhood transitory fits of anger, or a general intolerance of disagreeables, are the chief signs of such a condition of brain as the stomach, vexed by food and physic, is apt to generate. Their

young minds do not brood over evils, though their morbid excitement magnifies them for the moment. That moment past—a moment, however, of pungent sensation and most acute pain,—the particular evil is forgotten, and the butterfly mind goes in search of fresh excitement, of fresh sunshine, whose rays again scorch its wings. Thus it may be said of this adage, as of all sublunary things, that it is *relatively* true; childhood, (and I speak of childhood with its too frequent concomitant, disease,) *has* its troubles, though they are evanescent and with the adult calculator do not deserve the name. *He*, therefore, says it has *no* troubles. Why this is so is plain to the medical physiologist; after all, there is no sound plan of ethics possible without a knowledge of the human frame, its capabilities and its infirmities.

But when the process of growth has ceased—when together with the other organs of the body, the brain has acquired a certain degree of consistency, the *character* of its office, which is thought, undergoes a change. The interference of thought, which would have been so prejudicial to the stomach and bowels, the true organs of growth, during that process, begins now to be experienced. And why? Because circumstances are now held by the firm

grasp of the mind; they are no longer slurred over and passed by, but revolved, tossed about, reviewed and compared, until conclusions are drawn from them. The percipient has passed into the reflective being. Adult man now thinks, thinks deeply and strongly; would that he always thought temperately, wisely, and justly! And so he would, but for the "old Adam" of prejudice.

Since, however, it is impossible for him not to think when awake, (though there are people who would certainly make one believe in a *mental vacuum*,) it behoves that man should have a brain unclouded by morbid sensations from other parts of his body. In vain will you strive to think clearly and justly of the simplest proposition, whilst the steams from indescribable dishes are simmering up from your stomach, or the fumes of wine are encircling your brain. You *cannot* think with a purgative going through you in the same strain that you do when there is no such visitant in your inner man. Didst ever feel sea-sickness? and when you did, would you not have felt much obliged to any one that would throw you overboard and end your agonies? and is this a wholesome mode of thinking which thus estimates the gift of life? Didst ever feel a stomach-ache,—how it

destroys the edifice of sprightliness, dims the most brilliant ideas, and makes you think wide of the mark on any subject save the pain within you?

These are tangible, substantial evidences of my main proposition, and each one who reads this will at once see their cogency,—probably from sad experience. But there is another, more marked and concealed, more permanent and eventually more fatal species of irritation that takes place in the stomach and bowels, and goes on through weeks, months, and years, slowly, surely, insidiously, undermining the power of those organs, and ever radiating towards the brain, sapping the very foundations, drying up the very source of pleasurable feelings and of healthy thought. It were difficult to describe the intimate nature of this irritation to non-medical readers, and it is to such I address myself. Still they will have a tolerably clear notion of it, if they understand that it consists in a *stagnation*, a too great accumulation of blood in some part of the lining membrane of the stomach and bowels as well as in their nerves;—a stagnation that diseases the blood itself, and causes it to pour out bad matter both fluid and solid, and keeps up an unnatural excitement of the nerves of the part.

You have seen a long standing patch of skin-disease on the hand: you see it more or less red, perhaps swollen: you feel it sometimes itching, sometimes smarting; you see it giving out either some humour or a kind of scurf. It exists for years; you cannot get rid of it, *because you do not get rid of the* CAUSES *of it*, the variations of temperature, the friction by gloves, particles of dust and dirt, and so forth. Well, in course of time and in spite of yourself, your attention is called to this; *the irritation of it has reached your brain:* you begin to worry about it, the rather as by this time the skin has become thickened, leathery in feel, and considerably discoloured; *an organic disease has been established in it.*

For the skin read the mucous lining of the stomach, of the liver, of the bowels, and you will have an idea of the irritation I allude to. Only you must take into account that this lining is the very centre of your vitality, that it is supplied with an enormous quantity of blood, with an incredible number of nerves which are continually joining with nerves from the brain, and that its extent is beyond all you would guess at.* With this pro-

* If the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, including that which lines the ducts of the liver, sweetbread,

viso in the account, you may carry on the parallel. For you get an irritation in some part of the digestive canal, say by taking some wrong food or some abominable physic: it goes on for a long time, sometimes causing costiveness, sometimes fulness and indigestion: you cannot get rid of it, *because you do not get rid of the causes of it*, the infinite variations of dishes and drink, the friction—friction indeed!—of purgatives of all kinds, particles of calomel, scammony, jalap, and other powders and pills. Well, in the course of time and in spite of yourself, your attention is seriously called to this, for you get a "petite apoplexie," or you become consumedly hipped, yellow, "and as irritable as sin in a passion:" *the irritation has reached, and firmly fixed itself in, your brain.* You become desperately low-spirited about yourself, you worry yourself and all about you on the subject, it haunts you by day and night, the rather as by this time your body is colourless, and sometimes bloated first, and then emaciated, and you perceive a tu-

and all the follicles of the canal, were spread out, it would cover the surface on which Malvern stands, at least. Let no one have *contracted* ideas of his inside after this.

See on this subject the highly philosophical work of the late Dr. John Fletcher, entitled "Elements of Physiology," Part i. chapter 3, page 95.

mour somewhere about the stomach or liver; *in short, an organic disease is established.*

Such is the history of many a case: in the onset all is simple and the treatment might be negative, but as the patient wants to go on eating and drinking, and the doctor can give him temporary relief by drugs, to drugs they both fly. Both are pleased, the patient that he is relieved without abandoning his knife and fork; and the doctor with his fee. But anon comes the indigestion on again: "ecce iterum Crispinus," here comes the doctor again, and here come the pill and draught again—only that *two* doses are required instead of one,—let the reader mark that. So the thing goes on for several times, each attack of indigestion being accompanied with some new symptom or aggravation of a former one. After a time the patient, finding that the immediate attack is certainly relieved by the pills the doctor prescribes, steals a march on the worthy man, and slyly gets his prescription made up without sending for him. He now begins to doctor himself: he has paid for his diploma pretty dearly, and resolves to turn it to account. And he reasons thus; "if these pills will cure an attack of indigestion, they will doubtless stave it off, therefore I will take them every

night." He does so, and on the strength of this supposed specific, plays more tricks in eating and drinking than ever. Nevertheless he cannot prevent a sense of uneasiness after eating, heartburn, for which he ever and anon takes soda, and dreamy, unrefreshing sleep. However, this is nothing, for is not his appetite good? Yea, enormous: it is now an actual craving, a wolf that calls for food every three or four hours, and faints if he gets it not. Is not his face that of health? Yea, it is rubicund, almost blue: his eyes look fat, his head looks fat—he is bursting with health, you would think. And sure enough one fine day he *does* burst—*unfortunately, in the brain:* he is felled like an ox, and if he gets up again it is with the palsy of few or more muscles of his body, or few or more faculties of his mind;—his limbs drag, or his mind drivels.

One would say this was enough to teach him that a huge appetite may co-exist with a huge disorder of the stomach, and is *not* to be gratified as a wholesome craving of nature. One would think it would teach him that a red face, accumulated fat, and "the pride of fulness," are *not* certain indications that he is on the right road to long life. One would think that the continued

necessity for medicine to help off the load of improper food and bad matters in him, would be sufficient hint that, on the contrary, he was not acting on a reasonable plan, and that he must try some other. Not at all. For as, if he recover from an apoplectic stroke, his appetite continues to be great, he concludes that the accident was owing to neglect or insufficiency of medicine: and to that he applies with greater vigour than ever, aiding its irritating effect by reducing the quantity of blood in his system by occasional bloodletting and cupping.—But why pursue the subject? My readers will see how all this is likely to end;—will they take warning from my words?

"Fine old English gentlemen!" Aldermen of England! All ye whose pockets are full to overflowing, on whose brains no grinding, crushing cares for to-morrow press with fiend-like pertinacity, who have store and overplus of "the gifts the gods provide!" Why will ye mar all this bounty by calling up the devastating Disease to prey upon your moral and physical happiness? What is Fortune, if she be not attended by "the rosy-lipped cherub, Health," but a blinded fickle jade who toys with you for a time, but quits you for another, leaving no philosophy to bear her loss,

if she leave not health with you? What are your broad acres, your parks, your chases, and your moors, if to your jaundiced eyes there be

"No beauty in the flower, no glory in the grass?"

What avails the heavy balance on the credit side which your ledger exhibits, when you are forced to think of the heavy account to settle in your inner man, when you know too well how small your balance runs at the Bank of Health? Mayhap if your signature would save your entire wealth, your palsied hand would refuse to do it!

But I pass from you to another section of unfortunates who teach themselves *the unlucky knowledge that they have a stomach.* Fatal knowledge! Woe to the man who, whatever be the desire of his thought, to what subject soever it turns, whether he lend his mind to the concrete matters of the lower, every-day life, or send it flying into the empyrean of abstract cogitation and soaring imagination, is ever haunted by this knowledge! which hideously intervenes between his thought and his enjoyment, which taints the atmosphere of his moral felicity, and sends him wandering on earth like the discontented ghosts on the borders of the Styx!

On many of this section pecuniary cares press

with never-ceasing weight. They start fair in the race of life with the sanguine hope of self-advancement by enterprise and industry. Sustained by that hope, they long combat and beat off the circumstances that rise to crush it: for youthful elasticity and youthful vigour are still, in great degree, properties of their system. But the very continuance of the efforts inspired by hope at length begins to exhaust the brain's organic energy. The man who could "bolt" his meals, and hurry again to business and its agitations, work his brain, stomach, and limbs all day long, and then go home and sleep the sleep of the wearied, begins to find it irksome to walk and calculate immediately after eating, which now causes indolence and somnolence rather than alacrity and renewed vigour. He overcomes these, however, for a time, and in doing so adds another load of effort to the already fatigued nervous system. Anon, his food begins to feel *heavy* in his stomach, and part of it, urged by volumes of air, rises into his mouth, tasting bitter or sour, or both. "Oh," says he, "I have got a touch of indigestion;" and as he does not feel quite so plucky and cheerful as he used to do, he thinks that two or three glasses of wine or some brandy and

water will disperse the indigestion and the blue-devils at once. And sure enough they do so; *in a week the habit is established, and he cannot digest without them.* Here then is one kind of fuel thrown upon the fire within him.

Whilst this is going on in the *stomach*, he has made another discovery with regard to his *bowels*. Desirous to do everything in a business-like way, and to well-apportion "a time for all things," he has accustomed himself to evacuate his bowels immediately after breakfast and previous to starting for business. He begins to find this no such easy matter as formerly: and "poco à poco," he is obliged to miss one, two, and three days in a week, of his usual relief. Coupling this with the aforesaid indigestion, he treats himself to a calomel pill at night, and an ounce (!) of Epsom salts in the morning. The day of their operation,—an operation announced by nausea, gripings, and a perfect deluge of bile and mucus from the bowels, he is fairly knocked up. But comes to-morrow, when sleep from pure exhaustion has refreshed him and allayed the tumult, and then comes what he calls a healthful feeling. Nothing is more fallacious than this; for, besides that nine times out of ten the *real* comparison is between his feelings

to-day and the tumultuous sense of malaise of yesterday, when the physic was operating; he is not aware that the irritation that was in his stomach and brain has been only transferred for the nonce to the lower bowels. But whatever he may think, he considers that his feelings give him perfect right to go on as usual in eating and drinking: he does so, and, lo! the weight of food, the bitterness, the sourness, and the costiveness are there again. The play is played over again; again he applauds the players;—*in a month the habit is established, and he cannot do without purgatives.* Here there is another kind of fuel thrown upon the fire within him.

Turn we from the stomach and bowels—from the FOOD and PHYSIC,—to the brain—to the FRETTING. Allow me to introduce this agent, this bustling, active, efficient agent, this sleepless, worrying, wearing, and unwearied agent, to the readers of these pages. I have given a reason for not previously bringing him on the tapis when speaking of childhood. And though I introduce him now for the first time, it is not because I suppose my readers are unacquainted with him, especially in scrambling, money-making England, but because I may make them acquainted with

his mode of proceeding, because I wish to expose his ways, (which are *not* "ways of pleasantness,") and because I have hereafter the "fell intent," the inhuman resolve to show them how to counteract his proceedings, how to circumvent his ways, and block up the avenues of his destructive attacks on the life of the individual.

I said that my business friend started with hope; that, sustained thereby, he was not conscious of the mighty efforts his brain was making in conflicting amid the struggles of competition and straitened capital. The first signs of the effects of these efforts are those I have described in the preceding paragraphs. I have said his alacrity for business declines somewhat: it is much more irksome than it used to be. Simultaneously with the stomach and bowel derangements, and with the greater effort to fulfil his affairs, he finds his hope of their success gradually,—very gradually, for man clings to hope with amazing pertinacity,—fading as he enters on each new enterprise; and Fear, mixing its thick darkness with the radiancy of Hope, begets the uncertain hue of ANXIETY. He cannot tell how it is, but trade is not so fair and brisk as it used to be, (he may be growing rich all this while:) he cannot trust

people as he used to do, or he capriciously changes his confidence for the supposed chance of avoiding losses. His head, in short, is not clear: in which state, perchance, he makes one or two bad speculations. Worse and worse! more bile, more acidity, bowels more confined than ever! He never loses sight of business: his affairs are thorns to his pillow, and restless nights succeed to harassing days; the Inexorable Anxiety lays down by him at night and walks by his side at day. Two things he observes: the first, that he is somewhat better for a day or two after a sound purge: and next that drinking stimulants smothers the fiend for a brief period. To these then he flies more and more frequently. Moreover, as the capacity for wine and spirits increases, the capacity for food diminishes: his appetite begins to fail. The doctor gives him tonics in all shapes, from camomile tea to arsenic: by virtue of which he is enabled to cram down more food into a stomach less able to digest it. The plot thickens. Undigested food, mercurials, purgatives, tonics, in irritated stomach and bowels, bombard the brain with a perfect *mitraille* of horrible sensations. The brain, working hard but unable to digest the circumstances in which the individual is placed, getting

no rest night or day, irritated almost to the point of insanity by the slightest as by the most momentous occurrences without, repays the compliment with a shower of pains and aches scattered, in its blind fury, over the entire system, and *toothache, tic-doloureux, flying rheumatisms*, and such like small shot are added to the grape-shot with which it sweeps the nerves of the stomach and bowels.

Arrived at this point of stomach and drug disorder, the system is ready to take on any form of disease. The irritations radiating from the two great centres of nervous power, the pit of the stomach and the brain, *diverge* in all directions, producing general derangement in the shape of fever or (if it affect the nerves only) hypochondriasis: or else they *converge* upon some particular points, giving rise to *cough*, (when they converge on the lungs,) *palpitations*, when on the heart, *tic* of various kinds, when on individual nerves, *rheumatism*, when on the sheaths in which the muscles run, or *gout*, when on the ligaments that bind the small joints of the fingers and toes together.

But worse than all this; these irritations are not confined to the internal parts. The fretting

in the brain, and the food and physic in the alimentary canal, confine their operations to an interchange of mischievous abuse. Sometimes the belly abuses the brain so outrageously, as to drive it stark staring mad, a state commonly called "*brain fever :*" or else by a process of slow vexation, by "naggling," as such process is vulgarly but expressively denominated, the brain is kept in a simmering condition for a long time, and at length boils over in the state of *insanity.* In these cases the mischief is chiefly in the membranes or coverings of the brain. But sometimes the abuse in question causes the *substance* of the brain to swell with rage—that is, with blood: and on some day, after a meal, when turning the head, or in a fit of anger, (a not uncommon thing in this condition of stomach and brain,) a portion of that blood bursts through its vessels, presses on the brain, and behold a *fit of apoplexy!* So that my business friend (for we must not lose sight of him in this disquisition) is liable to apoplexy as well as his confrères in disease who have no fretting to assist the food and physic. I will not dwell on the interludes of *headaches, giddiness, occasional dimness of sight,* &c., that attend

this condition of brain: "the major contains the minor," and both acknowledge the same cause.

On the other hand, the brain sometimes abuses the belly, and helps to maintain irritation there, to such an extent as to produce *spasm of the stomach*, which nearly or quite carries off our business friend: aye, and in a quarter of an hour too. Sometimes the patches of inflammation in the stomach run into *ulceration*, and a slower but not less surely fatal termination follows. Sometimes the irritation fixes on one part of the stomach, (generally the lower end, where it touches the liver,) and goes on to *cancer* of the stomach. Sometimes, whilst the stomach is yet capable of digesting food, slow inflammation takes possession of the small bowels, in consequence of the irritation of purgatives and other drugs, and stops up the passages which convey the chyle into the blood circulation, causing a *wasting* or *atrophy*. At other times the stomach irritation extends to the liver, and *jaundice* suddenly occurs: or else the liver gradually loses its power of pouring out bile, and a kind of *permanent jaundice* is established, in token of which the patient looks always as yellow as the guineas, the search after

which has commenced all this mischief. This last occurrence—the hardening and loss of office in the liver—is most commonly met with in those who have returned from the East and the West Indies, where huge doses of mercury, cayenne, and curry by bushels, and oceans of Madeira, join the fretting in the onslaught; the patient, meanwhile, modestly attributing everything to the climate.

This is sufficient to show the mode in which fretting adds to the mischiefs which food and physic originate. I have individualised the results, because they can be thus more clearly and graphically stated. But the whole of what precedes is applicable to the entire section under consideration, viz. the individuals in whom the cares of business of any kind, the anxieties of doubt, the corrosions of sorrow, the super-exertion of the intellect, produce that strained and excited condition of the brain which food and physic produce in the stomach and bowels.

You will observe that such condition of the brain is in itself a source of irritation to the stomach and bowels; you will observe how gradually but certainly, these last return this irritation: how the attempts to remedy by physic

increase the disorder: how, from the moment the healthful office of the brain is perverted, sombre thoughts and evil passions, anger and selfishness, take possession of it: how these react still more forcibly and still more morbidly on the belly; whence reaction on the brain is again made: and so on, until or brain or belly, or both, fall into irremediable, substantial, organic disease; and life, be it prolonged, is only prolonged misery; and death, if speedy, is only the more welcome.

Reader, what are your reflections upon this picture? The period of this treatise has not yet come when I am to give mine: but when given, methinks you will agree that they are inevitable upon what has preceded.

Lights and shadows, however, various as the constitutions of men, and diversified as the circumstances in which they are placed, enter into the above broad delineation of the progress of stomach derangement consequent on the joint operation of the three causes with which I started.

Thus, there is a stage of the evil in which the living chemistry of the body causes the food and air the patient takes in, to be converted almost entirely into fat—fat without ruddiness or consistence;—which is deposited, instead of the bone

and muscle that should be found in adult age. The friends of the patient commonly remark, that he is "bloated," that he looks "doughy," and so forth. Certes, his is not an instance of "*laugh* and grow fat;" for in his case, the fat is *inside* as well as *outside* of him. It collects about his *heart*, causing it to labour and palpitate with the slightest, or even without any, exertion, producing wheezing breath, and occasional feeling of suffocation. It collects about the *bowels*, developing paunch, and, by its weight, adding mechanical to vital irritation in the morbid parts, and causing each movement of the body to augment the irregular action of the heart and pulse; it presses on the *large blood-vessels* too in the belly, and thus prevents the due return of blood through them, whence dropsical swelling begins about the legs and feet. It collects about the *kidneys*, helping to deteriorate their action, and to render the urine scanty in quantity, or diseased in quality. Into the causes of this accumulation of fat, I cannot be expected to enter in a work of this kind, further than to say, that the bad digestion of the food makes a poor, diseased blood, more fit to deposit morbid fat than hard muscle and bone, which require a rich blood made from good

food and good digestion—*and not interfered with by physic.*

But you must not expect to see the victim of stomach and drug disease *always* fat. He that is so, if he continue his miserable attempts at remedy in the common way, after a time melts away, like a lump of butter, before the consuming fire within him. His blood becomes more and more poor, so as not to be fit even to make fat. Moreover, less and less of chyle is carried into the circulation, as the inflammation of the small bowels is increased by the purgatives he uses, and as a smaller quantity of blood is formed, so that as the disease increases, the man diminishes;

"Small by degrees, and *miserably* less,"

until he becomes "the shadow of his former self," and the clothes that were filled by the bloated dyspeptic, hang on the skeleton of a man. Sometimes, however, *emaciation begins from the first*, the fat never accumulates, especially in persons of highly nervous temperament.

Another variation in the picture is to be found in the occurrence of *asthma*, which, though an affection of the breathing, is invariably the result of stomach disease. The stomach irritates the

brain, and this again, by the nerves it sends to the lungs, causes spasm in them, and difficult breathing.

Another variation is the presence of *cough*, either with or without expectoration from the air-tubes. As the nerves of the stomach communicate in endless ways with those of the lungs, and as, moreover, the lining of the stomach is a continuation of that of the lungs, we have abundant explanation of this occurrence. But slow and long-continued disease of the stomach and bowels sometimes produces a similar state in the *substance* of the lungs, as well as in the air tubes, and this ends in that kind of ulceration, to which the name of *pulmonary consumption* has been given. This is a much more common origin of consumption than is imagined, particularly where fretting is present. And as regards physic, I have repeatedly seen persons driven into consumption by the use of mercury, and a long system of other kinds of drugging. Medical works contain the record of cases, wherein *actual globules of mercury* have been found imbedded in the peculiar morbid matter which is the commencement of consumption,—I allude to tuber-

cles.* A cheering fact this for the soi-disant bilious, who, of their own wisdom, or by professional advice, take "the harmless dose of blue pill or calomel" to irritate and set the liver working! In other respects, this variation of stomach disease is generally found in those whose chests are narrow, or who are constitutionally scrophulous.

Another variation is the formation of *gravel and stone* in the kidneys and bladder. This is also the consequence of ill-made blood from badly-conducted digestion; that which passes through the kidneys, depositing a superabundance of saline matters together with the urine. Dyspeptics having this symptom, have very commonly been considerable wine-bibbers on the one hand, and considerable swallowers of carbonate of soda† on the other,

* So early as the year 1694, it was found by Mr. Clayton, that an injection of mercury into the veins gave rise in various parts to the deposition of tubercles, *in the centre of each of which a globule of mercury was always found;* and this experiment has been since repeated by Saunders, Gaspard, Nasse, Cruveilhier, Kay, and others. So also, if mercury be injected into the lungs of a rabbit, *each globule will soon be found coated with tubercular matter.*

† *Sesqui*-carbonate of soda? *Printer's devil.*

to get rid of the acidity the wine engenders. Any man who gets himself in the habit of taking soda is sure, sooner or later, to have his kidneys disordered. "O but," say you, "they give soda for the gravel." Truly they do, and, like purgatives in dyspepsy, it relieves for a time; but as neither of them combat the *source* of all the ailments that are felt, they leave that source, which is in the stomach, more abundant than ever: they both make what they are intended to mar,—or, as I have said before,—"THEY MAKE THEIR OWN WORK"—a very usual case with physic.

Yet another variation is the presence of *hæmorrhoids or piles.* Whether inward or external, whether dry or bleeding, these are invariably connected, when they exist, with the upper part of the digestive apparatus, the stomach, and duodenum, or liver, or both. Costiveness, that is, the retention of solid matters in the lower bowel, is assuredly the *immediate* cause of them: but a judicious physician well knows that if all be right in the upper, all will be right in the lower, portion of the alimentary canal: and he accordingly directs his means to remedy the latter. In this particular, too, the drug treatment is still consistent: it gives partial, temporary

relief by purgatives, and then allows the original mischief to augment as it may, diversifying the treatment with black-looking ointments, or else "tickling the catastrophe" and the credulity of the patient at the same time with smarting, cooling, demulcent, and astringent lotions. Let the reader be assured that to rid him of piles, he must be rid of a stomach disease which he certainly has, and which if not originally caused, is maintained by, medicinal messes. And let him dispense with the delicate operation of rubbing in dirty, greasy preparations, which affect his linen more than his complaint.

As regards the NERVOUS SYSTEM,—its painful and ofttimes indescribable sensations,—the variations are numberless.

Painful sensations are experienced in all parts of the body, but more especially about the chest and shoulders, which the patient—and the doctor too—very often believe to be rheumatic. I have seen several instances in which a pain of the kind has actually gone through all the treatment of rheumatism—colchicum, calomel, opium, antimony, liniments, and the entire rigmarole. I need not say that the pains in question increased with this most approved mode of increasing their cause.

In fact, they are of a species of *tic douloureux*, are seated in the nerves of the part by virtue of sympathy with those of the stomach, and sometimes are so acute as to render the muscles to which those nerves are distributed painful on being used, or throw them into a state of spasm or stitch. But worse than the above, I have seen one case in which the impeded breathing attendant on this painful condition of chest was mistaken for, and treated as, pleurisy, and the dyspeptic drained of his blood and strength to obviate a merely sympathetic pain. This is one of the numerous illustrations of the beauties of drug medication; *it demands so much attention and ingenuity from its professors, for the study of its farrago of prescriptions, that by many the properties and sympathies of the unfortunate body into which those prescriptions are to enter are overlooked;* and the display of a *divine* knowledge of pills, plasters, and potions is very properly, no doubt, preferred to the *vulgar* knowledge of the patient's sentient nature.

These local painful sensations, however, play a very prominent part in the history of stomach and drug disease, and their relief is wholly dependent on that which is afforded to the prima-

rily peccant part. *Tic* of one or more fingers, or of that nerve of the elbow to which the name of "funny bone" is vulgarly applied, is a very frequent symptom. I have known a mustard poultice! used against it. But as a contrast I have seen it again and again relieved by a tumbler of cold water:—which remedy will the reader choose? The same sort of pain is not unfrequent in the calf of the leg and the soles of the feet. I have seen dyspeptic females completely lamed by it in the latter place: and completely rid of it by copious dilution and mild diet.

The indescribable sensations who shall describe? Attempts to do so by patients have sometimes taxed my gravity. One had "a quivering in the brain:" another a "drying up of the brain," like a withered walnut, I presume; a third, "a gust of air blowing through him from stomach to spine; valves in the brain, opening and shutting," and so forth.

Sensations of heat and cold, general or partial, are very common accompaniments of stomach and drug disease. A man whose *inside* is kept in a state of exquisite sensitiveness by purgatives, is as exquisitely sensitive *outside* to the variations of temperature. Cold makes him shivery and miser-

able: and heat makes him faint and languid. As for cold water, he would as soon handle molten lead; so painful is the sensation which cold impresses on him. Such persons rejoice in warm baths: and we find them boiling at Marienbad, or Carlsbad, or Aix-la-Chapelle; endeavouring thereby to bring to the surface the blood which they as perseveringly are concentrating on the stomach and bowels by continued purgation, and by the certain weakening of the entire skin by heated water. By virtue of the same condition of outside and inside, they are the invariable victims of colds, which they take and keep with a readiness and obstinacy that amazes them, seeing that they are always trying "to keep themselves *warm* with hot water and flannel, and *well* with physic." But of this more hereafter.

These sensations of heat and cold, of flushing and shivering, are a sad nuisance to the victims of stomach disease: they alarm them, and though their minds may be happily pre-occupied, the recurrence of a flush recalls them to the unvarying subject of their complaints. On the other hand, the cessation of these is one of the best and earliest signs of restoration. The capability of bearing external cold, too, is an excellent sign: but this can never be obtained so long as the inter-

nal irritation is kept up by the causes I have mentioned. These removed, cold soon becomes grateful to the surface of the body: hence, generally speaking, the colder the weather, the more striking the effects of the treatment by water: in summer the patients progress, but in winter they gallop into health.

Other sensations are those of "*creeping*" in various parts; of "*pins and needles*," as it is commonly called, in the extremities; and of "*fidgets*" in the same parts. These are all referable to *stagnation* of blood in the parts where they are felt; a stagnation that is owing to the generally irregular action of the nervous system, which presides over the heart and blood-vessels, and is the same as that which presides over the operations of the stomach. So that if the circulation about the stomach be defective, there is a strong reason why it should be so in the toes or fingers: and we accordingly find it so in the sensations I am now speaking of. With regard to "*fidgets*," any one is aware of the impossibility of sitting still when they are on him: he moves about or rubs his legs to quicken the circulation. But I have a strong opinion, that a similar torpor of circulation is to be found in the internal parts of the body, and in the brain too; for when persons have

fidgets they have them not in their legs only, but the mind is fidgetty too: it can fix itself on no one subject for five minutes together: or at least only the strong stimulus of some passion, or some absorbing amusement, can fix it:—the stimulus in question sending the blood circulating again.

Other sensations, again, are of a mixed character, namely, *spasm or cramp:* and it is both external and internal. Externally it is shown in twitchings of the eyelids (vulgarly called "the life blood,") of the upper lip, of the muscles between the ribs, (giving rise to stitches,) and of the calves of the leg. These are all highly indicative of chronic stomach disease: a person who has had the complaint for any length of time, is almost certain to have this unsteadiness of the eyelids, and these sudden darting pains and twitchings about the ribs. For the rest, they are connected, as I have already stated, with the stomach, by the sympathy of the nerves.

Of the *internal spasms* one of the most constant and most curious, although the least recognised by doctors in general, is that of the diaphragm or midriff. This is a large broad muscle, like a disc, which separates the contents of the belly from those of the chest, stretching completely

across the trunk. The stomach and liver touch it on the side of the belly, and the lungs on the side of the chest: indeed it is the great muscle of respiration. Between its nerves and those which go to the muscles of the face, as well as those that are distributed in the stomach, there is a strict and strong sympathy. Now, when stomach disease has reached a certain point, the midriff is apt to get into a state of convulsion or spasm, and by the sympathy, to throw the muscles of the face into the same state. The consequence is, that the face takes on a peculiarly unpleasant appearance, called "the Sardonic smile or grin,"* which is apt to alarm the beholder. A minor, though a more continued, degree of the same spasm of the midriff and of the muscles of the face, at length causes the formation of *wrinkles* on the cheeks; in which, however, the process of emaciation sometimes assists. But this contraction of the muscles and consequent wrinkling of the face, are undoubted symptoms of stomach disease,

* It was first named *Sardonic* because it was said to have been produced by eating of a species of ranunculus, which grew round certain fountains of Sardinia. It is also caused by any other poison, which produces excessive irritation of the stomach,—by shell-fish poison especially.

and may come without any emaciation. Nay, so plain is this, that I have seen the plump smooth face of a man wrinkled in a fortnight: and I have seen his face again plump in a fortnight, by putting his stomach to rights. In this case the muscles drag the other soft parts downwards, and by their contraction form a furrow. Thus wrinkles, which are esteemed the figurative representations of wisdom, may be the staring evidences of the folly of a man who abuses his stomach. The best of all "wrinkles," (in the figurative sense,) is to know how to take care of the said stomach. Habitual swallowers of purgative drugs take on the wrinkled face at an early period, having sometimes previously passed through the stage of unnatural fat; the reason for both of which states will be clear from what has preceded.

So much for the variations, inflammatory, substantial, and nervous, that attend the progress of *stomach and drug disease.* They have been detailed in this place because it is essential that the reader should be acquainted with the diversified phenomena the disease in question gives rise to. Many a person, far gone in disorder of the alimen-

tary canal, and pestered with more or fewer of these signs, never thinks of referring them to their original source, so long as, by dint of taking tonics to enable him to get food *into* the stomach, and alteratives and purgatives to get it *out* of the stomach, he manages to drag through a few years of what he calls life. This process of cramming and then ramming down the charge he flatters himself is "digestion;" and I have been told that "the digestion was very good" by patients who, going through this daily *ordnance* exercise, came to consult me about diurnal, racking *headaches*, periodical attacks of *tic-douloureux*, *cough*, *asthmatic breathing*, *flying rheumatism*, *palpitation of the heart*, and such like ailments. They never dreamed that the food and the physic could do all this. Neither when I have said to them, "You are easily annoyed—small things vex you—you are more anxious than you used to be—you do not see matters in the cheerful light you did," —could they imagine by what trick I had thus got cognizance of their innermost man. My readers will see, after reading up to this point, in what the trick consists:—merely in the knowledge that if to "food and physic" in the belly, "fretting" in the brain be added in ever so small a degree, each must exasperate the other. Radiating from these

two centres of nervous power, each function of the body, each faculty of the mind, is liable to become the prey of diseased actions; no pain of the body, no agony of the mind is then a mystery: according to the amount of mischief ascertained to exist in the alimentary canal, may we predicate concerning the amount of physical and moral complaints of the same individual.

Let, therefore, the man on whose mind cares of various kinds press, who at the same time is the subject of any of the ailments recited in the previous pages, and still more who is taking that clumsy remedy, physic, in the vain expectation of relieving those ailments,—let him, I say, ponder well the statements I have advanced; let him "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" them, (if his mind be not too far gone to digest a reasonable proposition.) They are written for his benefit: let him act upon them: let him test their truth: let him eschew the irrational treatment, which to an irritated part adds further irritation: and, over-leaping the moss-grown boundaries of old prejudice, and artificial practice, let him essay what Nature's remedy, regulated by a scientific acquaintance with the capabilities of the human frame, can do to eradicate

the ills which "Art and Mystery"* have upraised in him.

Ye enterprising, princely merchants of England, whose ships carry out together with other wares, the intelligence and the useful arts of our glorious country, to bring back "the gold of Ormus and of Ind!" Ye sleepless-minded, ever-inventive manufacturers, who clothe the human race and give it wherewith to sow the seed and reap the fruits of the earth, and to shield it from the play of the elements, and, thus aiding its physical comfort, afford space for the cultivation of its mental being! Ye tradesmen, whose industry knows no rest, who early and late ply the traffic that, in your hope, is to reward you in the physical ease of declining age! Why is it that ye are blind to the fact that all this unceasing labour, this activity which dignifies the individual and advances the race, accumulating the means of bodily ease and mental culture, might be carried on with infinitely less of fretting and wear and tear of the mind, did you

* Such is the flattering title given to the science of healing in the exquisitely engraved diploma of the "Worshipful Company of Apothecaries of England!" Indeed it must be confessed that the entire document is a most *tradesmanlike* production:—and *so far* does them honour.

only withdraw from that sensitive organ, the stomach, the irritants which the wealth you gather up is too frequently applied in purchasing for it! Your career implies anxiety and irritation of the brain: wherefore add that of the stomach to it? Could you but know the clearness, the vigour of the brain, the enormous amount of labour of which it is capable when no fumes of wine and indigestion reach its finely wrought but elastic texture, you would find the task to which you have bound yourselves, one of pleasure and a recreation;—fatiguing, only to ensure, not to repel, sleep from your bed; —wearing, only as it displaces the most laborious of all occupations—doing nothing. The best years of your life would not then be spent in the combined discomfort of *constant pains-taking and constant physic-taking.* The nightly pill would not then wait on the daily indigestion and ill humour, maintaining and augmenting both. Clear in mind, your affairs would run less risk of being confused. And in the midst of your career, when fortune is just commencing to pour the contents of her cornucopia on your counters, you would not, as is so often the case, be cut off in a moment, your tombstone marking your age at 45 years, when its erection *might* have been postponed twenty or thirty years longer. Or if you escape for period

enough to gain your worldly ends and retire from the trickeries and turmoils of business to leave some space between them and the grave, you would not, as is also often the case, be hurled into that grave at the very time you were inwardly saying to yourself, as the rich man in Scripture said to his soul, "Thou hast many riches heaped up." Again I tell you, you are in the wrong track: high feeding and physic-taking never did and never will diminish or repair the ills of fretting: they are oil to fire: and he who tells you otherwise has the unpleasant alternative of being convicted of roguery or ignorance.

The species of mental action to which I have applied the term "fretting" is in general parlance synonymous with vexation, sorrow, or anxiety. But as regards the action of the mind's physical agent, the brain, "fretting" is synonymous with any too complicated, too prolonged, and irritative state of the mind: the brain "frets" whenever its powers are overtaxed. Hitherto I have been speaking of the fretting of complicated and anxious business, such as commercial men are subjected to; and they form the most extensive section of the community in this country, to which my remarks apply, viz. the dyspeptic and drugged section.

But a similar action of the brain as a cause of stomach disease takes place in the *literary men* of the community. The strong exertion, and, in most of such men, the greater constitutional preponderance, of the brain suffices in them to produce hurtful effects on the digestive organs; and this, whether the reasoning faculties or the imaginative power be the seat of such exertion; the mathematician and the poet are alike subject to stomach malady and all its consequences.

This fact was too glaring to be overlooked by the ancients. ARISTOTLE tells us that "all the great men of his time were melancholic," a term which agrees with our present one of hypochondriasis, the origin of which is always in the stomach. ARETÆUS says:* "*Familiare est etiam stomachi vitium illis qui doctos sermones et res graves meditantur.*" (Disease of the stomach is especially common in those who write learned disquisitions and discuss profound subjects.) Dr. CHEYNE says: † "I seldom ever observed a heavy, dull, clod-pated clown much troubled with digestive or nervous disorders." And a writer in the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, ‡ observes: "Les personnes

* Lib. 2. Cap. 6. † English Malady, p. 180.

‡ Vol. xxiii. p. 113.

qui exercent beaucoup leur entendement ont ordinairement les organs abdominaux faibles et très sensibles; il semble que l'activité mentale ait lieu au prejudice des fonctions digestives. L'homme qui pense le plus est celui qui digere le plus mal."

It is needless to multiply authorities on a point which, I believe, is generally admitted. But the means of remedying, as far as may be, the unfortunate tendency in the human ornaments of an age, are open to much improvement. The ordinary, vulgar process is gone through in this, as in other cases of " fretting." " Doctor, my bowels are very torpid."—" Ah! I see: we must rouse *them*." Down goes the *Latin* for a purgative. After a time it is: " Doctor, my appetite is going."—" Ah! I see: we must rouse *it*." He scrawls the hieroglyphics of a bitter tonic. The next complaint is announced shortly afterwards. " Doctor, my mouth is bitter, and my eyes are yellow."—" Ah! I see: your liver is torpid: we must rouse *it*." To do which some small but remarkably heavy pills (which the druggist tells you are made of calomel and conserve of roses,—" *Let roses deck my tomb*") are ordered. And so the " rousing" system goes on until every organ of the body has been " roused,"

and, among the rest, the brain, which by this time cannot be coaxed to rest: and the patient,

> . . "So coy a dame is sleep to him,
> With all the weary courtship of his care-worn thoughts,
> Can't win her to his bed."

But what of that? There is the doctor with his eternal "Ah! I see," to which he adds, on this occasion, "we must *quiet* the nervous system." Quiet it! why was it ever "roused?" With your purgatives, your tonics, your mercurials, your diuretics, your carminatives, and the whole farrago, you have exasperated a complaint, which was simple and confined, into a complex and wide-spreading malady that now includes every minute nerve and every minute blood-vessel in the system. Quiet it! why was this not done before? was it not plain to every reasonable person who is a physiologist that the original disorder—the very first symptom, the constipation,—was indicative of an *unquiet* state of the nervous system? for when a man's nervous system is healthy it is quiet and all goes on as it should, and *vice versâ*. By your purgation you rendered a further portion of that system unquiet—you "roused" new sympathies; by your tonic you included the liver in the circle, and then came the bilious state; to re-

move which you gave mercurials, whereby the brain —and the brain of a person of hard intellectual labours too—was drawn into the plot against the individual's peace and happiness: and having "raised the devil," you think it is high time to "lay" him with opiates! The miserable nights and more miserable thoughts which occupy them, the restlessness, irritation, sense of disgust and *tædium vitæ* by day, that have been brought on the patient by such patch-work practice as this, we will suppose to be allayed by the opiates,—the nerves are stupified—the disease is masked. But what becomes of the bowels? Alas! they are stupified too. The "rousing" must begin once more:

Double, double,
Toil and trouble.

The "ingredients of the cauldron" are mixed again and repeatedly again, until an organic disease is established, and the patient is sent to seek health wherever he chooses: the doctor can do no more: his pharmacopœia is at an end just at the time it has done all the mischief it can: he can face his patient no longer: so he sends him to boil at Bath, to drink the sweet-smelling waters at Harrowgate, or chicken-broth, (*not* made with chickens,) at Wisbaden.

I have put the above as a general case, and some such process *is* the too common one: but it is in fact the case of a gifted individual with whom I became acquainted at the time he was wandering about in search of that health, of which physic and fretting alone (for he was ever temperate in his food) had utterly deprived him. And I would ask, is it not desirable that some more rational mode of dealing with the infirmities consequent on the excessive exertion of a finely organized brain and nervous system, such as falls to the lot of men of strongly studious tendencies, should be advanced and acted upon? men who, so to speak, are "all nerve;" who, concentrating the powers of their being upon the great nervous centre, the brain, thereby destroy the harmony of all the functions, which is health: who, when the effects of this become perceptible to themselves in some of the symptoms of stomach disorder, have the brain in that keenly susceptible state from previous exertion, that renders every morbid sensation rising from the stomach trebly intolerable: who watch those sensations, ponder them, at length fixing their unceasing thought upon them, lose their equilibrium, their moral courage, and pass into selfish

hypochondriacs, drivelling maniacs, or appalling self-destroyers. In short, all the arguments against the addition of physic to fretting, as causes of stomach disease, apply with double force when the subjects of it are men whose mental faculties,—whether the reasoning or the imaginative, the mathematical, poetical, or artistical,—are strongly and continuously exerted.

Besides the "fretting" in the brain, which attends the prolonged and intense use of the INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, to which the last section has been devoted, it is necessary to glance, at least, at that which accompanies the morbid usage of the MORAL FEELINGS and the PASSIONS.

Under this head come all those individuals in whom the canker of Grief, arising from the shocks given to the moral sensations of Affection, is eating: in whom Hope has been blighted, or is antagonized by Fear; in whom Religion has lost its radiancy, and appears girt with all the terrors of everlasting perdition, and blank despair; in whom unrequited or suspected Love implying Jealousy is playing havoc; in whom "vaulting Ambition" is maintaining the fire which no attain-

ment can quench; in whom diseased or disappointed Pride is gnawing with an adder's tooth; in whom Envy, Hatred, Malice, and all uncharitableness abound; in whom Anger rages, or Melancholy mopes.

The effect of each and all of these upon the organs of the chest and belly, are notable and recognised by every one. Some of them—such as grief for the "loved and lost," unrequited love, and fear—seem to affect the heart and lungs more especially. We have every reason to suppose, however, that such effect is shared by the stomach, if indeed the shock to the heart be not secondary to that in the stomach and ganglions. Be this as it may, the latter organ becomes palpably disordered by them: the appetite languishes; the food distresses: the bowels act irregularly, now torpid, and again in a state of diarrhœa: and more or fewer of the unnatural sensations herebefore recorded, are experienced. In fact, it would appear that the influence of the passions alluded to is hurtfully exerted on the stomach to that precise amount, and in that precise portion of it, which is most liable to rouse the sympathies that exist betwen that organ and the heart and lungs; and the palpitating heart, and the long-

drawn frequent sigh, concomitant with the stomach symptoms, announce how far the "fretting" of the brain has spread its baneful influence over the rest of the system. These sympathies once established, away with the hope of peace!

"Oh! now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind: farewell content!
* * * * * *
Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Reason may assert its right, but only for a time. Back upon the stranded vessel of the mind drive the unpitying, uncontrollable waves of Passion: plank after plank is torn from the fair structure, sooner or later to leave it only a miserable wreck on the bleak sands of life!

Yet it is astonishing how long this wreck will sometimes hold together;—how, when all the outworks are destroyed, life retires into her citadel, the nervous system, and so holds out to the last. But this is only the case when, as sometimes happens, the obstinacy of the sufferers rejects the coarse attempts at relief, which are offered in the shape of food and physic. Praying

for death, they refuse that which, they are told, will prolong and lighten life; and by that refusal, they compass the aim they least desire. *They eat little:* they give but small amount of labour to a stomach that can do next to nothing. *They take no drugs,* and thereby diminish the amount of irritation which the morbid stomach affords to the morbid brain. In this manner "the heart, though broken, will brokenly live on."

What is a "broken heart?" It is that exhausted condition of the brain and of the nerves which supply the contents of the chest and belly, that renders them unfit to afford the due quantity of energy for the performance of the functions of the mind, of the heart, the lungs, the stomach,—the great laboratories of life. This exhaustion always follows on previous excessive excitement. Passion always, first of all, violently excites the nervous system. Even those passions which are called "depressing," are only so called from their *secondary* effects. Indeed, there is every reason for saying that they are, in their *primary* effect, the most exciting of all. For so intense is that excitement, that the nervous system cannot long bear it: it is rapidly exhausted —sometimes instantaneously: and common ob-

servers see only the depression that follows. It is the continuance of this depression so as to seriously interfere with the offices of the principal organs of life, that has obtained the name of "broken heart"—the unhappy sensations *about* (not *in*) the heart being most keenly felt. This, as I said before, may last for a long time, if "food and physic" are not permitted to augment the "fretting."

But it sometimes, on the other hand, happens that the excitement of passion is so vehement as to kill instantaneously: the nervous system never rallies, so utterly exhausted, extinguished, have been its energies by the first shock. In this case the reverberation of that shock from the brain upon the other great nervous centres, the stomach and heart, annihilates the power of movement and sensation in them. The heart ceases to beat, the stomach to move—the very blood in the vessels is broken down, and will not coagulate. The passion has produced precisely the same effects as a stroke of lightning, or a blow in the pit of the stomach. This too, is "a broken heart." And when we behold all the hopeless misery that attends that slight reaction of the nervous system which just, and only just, enables

the brain and heart and stomach to carry on a slow, lingering, painful degree of function: when we hear the prayer for death whispered in every sigh, and uttered in every groan: when we look on the now faded, but once fair, form bending under, broken down by, the crushing weight that has fallen on the spirit:—how true to the ear and to the universal sense are the poet's words, when he says;

"The heart—which may be broken; happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold
The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne, and never told;
While life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die."

By virtue of this "strange principle," the "wasting broken-heart" is much more frequent than the instantaneous. One instance of the latter arising from one of the passions now under consideration —unrequited love,—has fallen under my knowledge: it is a brief but a fearful history.

A young lady engaged to wed a man whom she loved exceedingly, and who professed to, and I think, did love her in return, had parted from him

previous to his return to his parents in a distant part of the country, for the purpose of making final arrangements for his marriage. Considerations of various kinds urged by his parents upon him induced him to write at once and announce to her the impossibility that he could fulfil his engagements: he told her, in short, that they could meet no more. This letter reached her in the afternoon of a day on which a great number of friends had been invited to a ball at her parents' house. The effect upon her must be imagined, for no external sign, save some quivering about the lips and nostrils, announced it. Her parents desired to postpone the ball. She would not hear of it, laughed, but in strange guise, at the idea of postponing pleasure on account of aught that *he* could say or do; then dressed, danced, and was in mad spirits the whole night. Whispering to none what had occurred, the unfortunate girl was obliged to listen to repeated congratulations on her approaching happiness: can imagination conjure up a more painful position? The guests departed, she was accompanied by her mother to her room, who saw her safely in bed, and the last she heard from her child was a hearty laugh! About six hours afterward she again went into

her daughter's room—she was dead! The effort, sustained during the whole evening against the shock, had exhausted her nervous power so much, that when the inducements to make it had ceased, when solitude and darkness forced upon her all the misery of her situation, it is probable that the functions ceased instantaneously, that death came on immediately: for the corpse was quite cold when discovered in the morning. Every inquiry was made concerning the mode of death: but nothing was elicited to countenance the idea of self-destruction:—she had died of a "broken heart."

Is, then, the nervous system of those unhappy sufferers from the actions of the passions to which I have just alluded, in a condition to bear at all, much less to benefit from, the irritating operation of such remedies as calomel, scammony, jalap, colocynth, quinine, steel, and arsenic,—in short from the whole or any part of the vulgar list of vulgar remedies?

In the next part of "Stomach Complaints and Drug Diseases," the subject of causes will be continued, and the miserable history of Napoleon's last illness given in detail, with special references to the mental and physical agencies by which it

was called into being. It will form a striking instance of the *fretting* that attends "that last infirmity of noble minds," ambition. Besides this, the forthcoming part will comprehend the Rationale of Drug Disease, with a discussion on the real effects of the principal drugs usually employed, with cases illustrative of Drug Practice; many hints on Diet; and an essay on the uses of water in the palliation and cure of maladies produced by both.

THE END.

TWO LETTERS

TO

DR. HASTINGS, OF WORCESTER,

M.D. AND F.G.S.

SECRETARY TO THE PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION,

ON THE

RESULTS OF THE WATER-CURE

AT MALVERN,

&c. &c. &c.

BY JAMES WILSON, M.D.

PHYSICIAN TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE NASSAU, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF LONDON, LATE FELLOW OF THE ROYAL MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, &c. &c. &c.

AUTHOR OF THE "WATER CURE," AND OF "A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CURATIVE EFFECTS OF VAPOUR APPLIED LOCALLY."

"One tale is good until another's told."—OLD ADAGE.
"Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."—SHAKSPEARE.

1842.

LETTER I.

LEARNED DOCTOR,

I make no apology for intruding myself upon you in the form of a published letter: first, because I have a strong suspicion that you will not be displeased at being noticed at all: and next, because, as you have thought proper to assail the Water Cure, and fall foul of me in a paper addressed, in the first instance, to the *very small* number of the subscribers to the "Provincial Medical Journal,"* and have subsequently eked

* The history of this journal is pretty nearly as follows. Originally established by the ex-sub-editor of the "Lancet," about the period of the formation of the Provincial Medical Association, the latter body found in it a ready organ for the propagation of its meetings and opinions. But as the purchase of its pages was an undertaking beyond the courage of the secretary of the Association, he imagined an ingenious and economical plan for doing it at the expense of his cou-

out the list of your readers by a gratuitous distribution of the same, it is but fair that I should have the right of such reply as my poor wits and fully occupied time can afford.

Impressed with a sense of my infinite smallness, when contrasted with the "Physician to the Worcester Infirmary, and Secretary to the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association," I cannot in my reply do better than follow his example *in part* of the taste and style that adorn his attack. Accordingly I shall, in the succeeding pages, altogether suppress your prænomen and nomen, and address you by the various professional titles in which you rejoice, and which, in initials and full-drawn words, make so formidable an appearance to the "John Bull" you so elegantly compliment on his simplicity.

And first it behoves me, whom you have

frères. He proposed to the editor and proprietor—Dr. Hennis Green, a gentleman of learning and integrity—that each member should pay one penny per week for his copy of the Journal, leaving the proprietor to get as much more circulation as he could. By this means the Association is made to pay for a journal which the said secretary uses, at his will, to any purposes that may appear advantageous to himself, giving him, as it does, the power of circulating libellous misrepresentations, at the small price of one penny per number!!

dubbed " the water-doctor," to return the politeness by granting you licence to bear the title of " Drug-doctor," in addition to those already inflicted upon you. And as, for my part, I feel especially honoured by the distinctive epithet you have bestowed on me, bearing evidence, as it does, to my knowledge and practice of the only philosophical, harmless, and effectual system of medical treatment yet promulgated, I have every right to presume that you will listen with corresponding amenity to the epithet " drug-doctor," expressive as it is of your practice in pills, plasters, and potions, blistering and bleeding, purging and prescribing. Further, as, by the grace of your pen, I am written down " the hero of the water-cure," another proud title to me,—common justice obliges me to look to you as the " hero of the drug system." In this particular, you must admire my candour: for, whereas I come into the field with no offensive means save the water that gushes from these beautiful and healthful hills, you are likely to prove the more formidable " hero" of the two, armed as you are with all the appliances—the aforesaid pills, plasters, &c,—of your truly destructive art. Here, alas! the reciprocity must

cease, and the vast weight of your varied distinctions almost compels me to admit that you are all in the right, and that I am all in the wrong. Yet, associating your employment as a "drug-hero" with the first of your initial distinctions, it occurs to me as possible that M. D. may in *your case* stand for *Man of Drugs*. Again, the facetious editor of the "Lancet" has changed the name of the Association, of which you sign yourself the secretary, into that of the "Guzzling Association," from the circumstance, I presume, of the members meeting annually to eat dinners together for an entire fortnight:—as "Mr. Secretary" to this body of gentlemen, you also distance me in the accumulation of titular distinctions. I was puzzled at first to guess what the F. G. S. attached to your name could possibly mean; I now perceive that it must plainly stand for "FELLOW OF THE GUZZLING SOCIETY."

Be assured, learned doctor, that I should not thus dwell on your nomenclature, were I to consult my own taste in the matter. But when I hear a practitioner, whose years of life number nearly sixty, whilst those of his practice of an honourable and liberal calling reach half that

number, take upon himself to drop the true patronymic of another, whose actions he calls in question, and have recourse to a nick-name to give weight to his arguments, I cannot but think that my taste, which revolts at the stale trick, must be bad, opposed as it is to that displayed by so "grave and reverend" a member of what is denominated a *gentleman's* profession. Stand we, therefore, since *you* will it so, as the "drug-doctor" and the "water-doctor" respectively: though, in consideration of your other varied titles, I propose to grant you, besides, the epithet "learned."

And now to the facts of the case in the treatment of which you impugn my mode of practice. Your statement of the case up to the 15th of August, is "taken down from the dictation of the parents of the child, in order to secure accuracy in detail." On the professional honesty of publishing a statement, intended to hurt the character of another man, on evidence drawn from such a source, I shall hereafter remark. Meantime, as I have still to learn that the "parents of the child" are more worthy of credit than myself, I shall take the liberty, in accordance with the adage on the title-page, of publishing *my* relation of the circumstances; they are as follow:

For a week or two previously to my being called in to see the child, he had shown an indisposition to move: he was languid, and though naturally very active, evinced during that time, a preference for the recumbent posture on the sofa. It was probably, at this time, that the great quantity of "improper food" mentioned in your paper was taken; the rather, as I subsequently found a strong propensity in his mother to remedy the prostration of strength, by giving him improper food. Be this as it may, when I saw him he was in a burning fever. I ordered hot fomentations to the belly, and *toast and water alone* to be taken. In this manner the case went on for a few days, with slight delirium and the fever persisting, though in a milder form; and I described it to the parents as a continued fever of a typhoid character, that *might* go on for a length of time. During this time the child's mother had written to her brother, who is a physician, describing the symptoms of the disorder, and the mode in which I was treating it, of which he approved, as his own child had not long before recovered from a similar fever similarly treated. He further recommended that *chloride of lime water* should be sprinkled in the room,

which was done without asking me. This is to be borne in mind, as showing my exact position in the management of the case.

Meanwhile, as the house contained other children, and the means of accommodation in Malvern were scanty, it was necessary to prevent alarm in the house, which would have obliged a removal. Accordingly, when questioned by the landlady as to "whether this fever was infectious," I of course made light of it, and said the child would be better in a few days. It was about this time that I said to the parents, "If you had the wet sheet applied here, the little patient would be soon rid of the fever." I threw out this hint without an expectation that they would accede to it, knowing that the medical relation of the child's mother had approved of what was already done, &c., and there was a no small amount of prejudice to contend with. The parents, however, consented to try it, and as a proof how far they considered it hurtful, employed it night and morning, sometimes without my being present. The result was admirable, and in a few days the child's fever was dissipated, and he amused himself with his playthings. The wet sheet was still continued, and so far was the boy from struggling and scream-

ing while in it, *he slept in it*, and would have remained in it much longer than he was allowed to do.

Although now convalescent, the sheet was applied to forward the convalescence. On or about the 15th August, the boy's father gave him *a great quantity of hard ship biscuit.* As might be expected in a child just freed from a bad fever, this kind of food produced renewal of the inflammatory affection of the stomach and bowels. In proof of this, the glyster and the castor oil that were administered *brought away a quantity of the biscuit in an undigested state.*

As I do not profess to be one of those obsequious medical attendants who permit the friends of a patient to act upon their own ideas, and take the responsibility on myself for the sake of the remuneration, smoothing down the said friends with fair words, I desired, after this exhibition, that Mr. Morrison or Mr. Addison, (two gentlemen practising in Malvern,) should be called to *witness* the treatment, or *to take it upon themselves.* "For," said I, "now I leave the child well and playing, and presently am sent for to see him in pain and very ill. Leave the child alone for heaven's sake, or send for some one else." I had constantly to

contend against the mother's entreaties to let the boy have nourishment, and had lost all confidence that my injunctions on that head would be attended to.

The patient reached you precisely in the condition of a person recovered from fever, who had irritated his stomach and bowels with improper food; and into those irritated intestines you threw irritating MERCURY, irritating IPECACUAN, irritating RHUBARB, a STRONG ALCOHOLIC LIQUID, another irritating liquid composed of VINEGAR and HARTSHORN, and stimulating CAMPHOR and CHALK!! But hereafter in these pages I will take the trouble to analyse your treatment. For the present, my exposition of what took place previously to your taking the case in hand, will suffice to build some observations upon.

You will perceive, learned drug-doctor, that in this, as in all other instances, there be two ways of recording a series of occurrences. If you reperuse your publication, you will find two or three admissions there which go far to aid the probability that my way is the correct one. You allow that the parents of the child had permitted him, "for some days before" the 27th, to "eat heartily of improper food:" might not a tithe of the candour

you would willingly bestow upon a brother drug-doctor (particularly one who is in the habit of calling you in) have led you to infer the probability, that the same ill-placed indulgence which made a child sick with "improper food," would be likely to diverge from my injunction to take only toast and water? You *dare* not have done otherwise than make such inference, had the child come under your care from that of a surgeon-apothecary of Worcester or Malvern. You *dare* not have published a statement derogatory to the professional character of the same surgeon-apothecary, when you had only "the dictation of the parents of the child" to guide you. Nay more, you *dare* not have published it at all, at *his* expense, had every word of the "dictation" been correct, or had it even been a case for a coroner's inquest. For, learned doctor, your *solid pudding* would have stopped the utterance of your candid and generous soul, though it were struggling in your mouth for exit. But since "the water-doctor," so far from helping you to the pudding, has taken from you a good portion of what, from long usage, you considered your own by prescriptive right, you can *afford* to act the philanthropist, and warn your fellow-creatures from the *ruinous* conse-

quences (*to yourself, if not to them*) of the water-cure: you can afford to take the dictation of the parents as sufficient to secure "accuracy of detail:" you can afford to descend from the station of an impartial, if not a generous, interpreter of another man's case, to catch at any tale mingled with any motives, and blind yourself to anything save the injury of the water-doctor at Malvern,—*who can never call you in.*

So also, to hear you so feelingly insist upon the little boy's nervous terror and crying, one would imagine you had, for the first time, met with that very alarming symptom in children having gastric fever. In the case of the child in question, are you quite sure it was not your *dark* and *dismal* appearance, recalling to the poor child visions of draughts and powders, which put it into a state of nervous terror at your approach? Many readers will recall, like myself, a similar feeling of nervous terror about the same age, at the approach of a strange doctor of not the most cheering aspect, in whom they see nought, but *hyd. c. cretâ* and *sesqui*-carbonate of soda. Many a nurse has frightened a child almost to death by saying, "I'll send for Dr. ——;" or, on the other hand,

bribed it into quietude by saying, "You shall have no more powders if you are good."

But as your sole object is to impress upon your readers that the crying was a symptom of the water into which I placed him, and not of the disease into which "improper food," &c. had driven him, your horror at a sick child's crying is most appropriately introduced, and most admirably kept up throughout. Indeed, at one point of your history, when you glance at the "tub of water," you evidently desire your readers should glance at the probability that I had not only failed to cure the *fever*, but had produced the additional malady of *hydrophobia*. All this is very bad, learned doctor. Believe me, it speaks ill for your candour and fairness. For, again I tell you, that you *dare* not have even mentioned such a slight and common symptom in relating the case of a surgeon-apothecary of Worcester or Malvern: still less *dare* you have mentioned it in injurious insinuation against him. It is *you*, learned drug-doctor, and not the child, that are the true patient in *hydrophobia:* it is *you* that I have driven into that disease, and into a state of nervous terror, and you are endeavouring

to infect others with the same terror and hatred of water. Pity the "water-doctor" cannot call the drug-doctor in: we should have heard nothing of the child's crying. You write prescriptions in the canine Latin of the druggists: here is a query in the pure Latin of Virgil for your digestion:

> "Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
> Auri sacra fames?"

Put the whole case, substituting only one of your own professional species—the drug species—for me. Mr. —— attends Master ——in fever, and, acting on what to his mind appears the best plan of treatment, and what, in fact, was once generally considered the best plan, prescribes Peruvian bark, recommending, at the same time, certain rules of diet which are not attended to. Master —— recovering, and again becoming ill by the fault of the parents, the parents waxing impatient, and Mr. —— equally so with them, the patient is given up or taken from his care to you, who think "*hyd. c. cretâ*" (wonderful hieroglyphics!) is the very thing to cure him, and *not* Peruvian bark. Now I ask you whether it is considered professionally correct, were you in such a case to play the eaves-dropper to the parents, take in all

their *pique* and prejudice, and then disgorge theirs and your own at once in a printed and *gratuitously* distributed publication? I have no hesitation in asserting that were you to do so, the whole of your brethren would send you from Worcester to Coventry, and the proceeding would form a subject for objurgation from any convocation of them that might be found. You know this as well as I do: you know that the act would damn you in their opinion: that you would be looked upon as a shabby member of the fraternity for laying open the secrets of the *craft*, for repeating your patient's disclosures, for pitting *hyd. c. cretâ* against Peruvian bark, when to that craft it matters not a straw's end, which, so that either, is used. You *dare* not do it.

Well, then, if I find you doing that against me for whom you are aware the fraternity alluded to have no kindness, inasmuch as I stand alone in this country in the practice of an art which "*throws their physic to the dogs*," and throws it, too, out of the human bodies they have saturated with it,—if I find you doing that against me, who can be of no benefit, but very possible harm, to your practice, which you dare not do against them, your fellow-doctors, I, and all who read this

pamphlet, are forced inevitably to the conclusion, that the motives which dictated your paper in the Provincial Medical Journal were of an unworthy character, and, in such event, of a mingled *sordid* and *malignant* hue.

But leaving for a time your motives and returning to the facts. The lady wrote to her medical relation stating the nature of the case according to my representation, and the treatment that I pursued. Acting on the representation, he also approved of the treatment, recommending in addition that the room should be sprinkled with *chloride of lime.* Why? because I had represented the fever "as one of a typhoid type, and which might persist for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days;" referring them particularly to the stomach as the part most engaged, in order to prevent their evident tendency to interfere with that organ by "improper food." When the child came into your hands there was only "gastric irritation"* left for you to combat, the fever having been previously subdued. Nevertheless, it took you *three weeks* to subdue that irritation; and no wonder, looking to the list of irritating drugs you gave him.

* It was not simple gastric irritation when I had the case, as you wish to make it appear to your readers; it was gastric fever, with typhoid symptoms, which I subdued in *fifteen days.*

Now, the "wet sheet" is not an irritating application. True, children about five years old, when very ill and labouring under fever, will cry when first wrapped in it. But when this is covered with a blanket and warmth consequently produced in a few minutes, it is equally true that they become *quite calm, and generally go to sleep in it*, waking without *fever*, *irritation*, or *pain*. They often also show great reluctance to be removed from this gentle steam-bath of their own making: and the same may be said of all grown-up persons.

Doubtlessly it was with no small degree of chuckling that you thus undertook the task of drug-hero. Every interested feeling urged you to it. You have felt my proximity to you in the tenderest point. The *tenderest point* I say, from your well known failing. Long monopoly of this neighbourhood has rendered you exquisitely sensitive to the intrusion of any one who should break it up. And the deed was such as those who are your satellites of the Association would "applaud to the echo," enacted as it was by "our Secretary," and published in "our Journal." Thus you hoped to gratify at once the interests of your pride, your *purse*, your power, and your party.

You thought it impossible that a physician coming into your neighbourhood without acquaint-

ances, without patronage, without prestige, could withstand the eloquence and the virulence of your pen,—of you, the great physician of the Worcester Infirmary, the renowned secretary to the Association, &c. &c. But your expected *coup d'état*, your intended *coup de théatre*, (and you proposed it should be both) has only proved a *coup manqué*. For, learned doctor, the success of the *Water Cure* hangs not on your nod. It depends on those—and their name is Legion—who have run the gauntlet of your drug remedies, whose trivial disorders those remedies have converted into formidable and inveterate ones, who are utterly disgusted with the patchwork which *mere* drug-doctors call *cure*, whose eyes are at length opened to the contradictions, the subterfuges, the gibberish of their practice and their prescriptions. Only then insomuch as drug-doctors make such patients for me can the Water-cure be influenced by them: nor will your blasts, though blown weekly through your paper trumpet, avail one jot so long as there are Drug Diseases *for me to cure*. You will be astonished, —but surely not mortified?—to learn that I have treated more patients in the last four months at Malvern than, I venture to say, you have had there for the last four years. Upwards of three

hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen have been under my professional care in those short months, and I could show you abundance of *written* evidence of *their* opinion of the Water-cure—evidence such as few drug-doctors, I trow, can produce in favour of their nauseous and fallacious remedies. What think you of the following as a specimen of the esteem in which the Water-cure is held by those who have undergone it and know much more of it than any rampant druggist of the set?

Malvern, Sept. 16th, 1842.

My Dear Sir,

I cannot take leave of Malvern without again expressing to you my thanks for the encouragement you gave me to try the effect of the water-cure, as you practise it—and for your kind attention to me during the time I have undergone the treatment.

I have now gone through the perspiring process followed by the bath fifty times, with the other parts of the treatment; I found them anything but disagreeable, indeed I may say quite the reverse, and they have been most beneficial to me. During nine months before I came here I was never able to move without my crutches, and a great part of that nine months I passed in my bed or on the sofa. My nights were restless, my pulse high, and my tongue charged. I am now turned sixty-three years of age, and have been subject to the gout more than forty years. I paid little attention to it the first twenty years, and as soon as the fit

was over, I never missed taking my wine daily. My knees, hands, and other parts were so crippled, that I had made up my mind to pass the rest of my days in my arm-chair or bed, or to hobble about with my crutches. The effect of the treatment has so ameliorated my situation, I can now go up and down stairs with ease and comfort, without a stick, and the other day walked half a mile on the high road. I frequently ride on horseback four hours a day, and my general health, I thank God, is as well as ever it was in my life, I sleep well, my appetite is good, I can use my arms freely, and tie my neckcloth, a thing I had not been able to do for years; in fact, I feel myself comfortable and independent. Had I come here a year ago, and undergone the same process, I have no doubt but I should have saved my left knee from being contracted: as it is, I am contented to walk a little lame, and shall be too happy to remain in the same state I am in at present for the rest of my days. Pray excuse this long scrawl, as I know you have not a minute to spare and believe me,

My Dear Sir,
Yours most truly,
T. C. MARSH.

Park Hall, Epping, Essex.
16, Rue Matignon, Paris.

This gentleman was known for many years in Paris as a giver of "good dinners." After the receipt of his letter, I asked if I might show it

any one; the reply was, "Do what you please with it, there is nothing to be ashamed of in getting well and leaving off killing oneself and friends, as you say, with guzzling and gormandizing." So that here you have it, Doctor; and as you are F.G.S. (or Fellow of the Guzzling Society,) I hope you will *take warning from its contents*, and admire the candour of the writer in giving me the opportunity of publishing it.

Does this look as if the Water-cure were "a delusion?" When health and the use of the limbs is restored, are you or the patient the best judge whether it is "a delusion?" Verily you must be so much in the habit of persuading people that they are well, when they are not so, as to render you incredulous of such a thing as actual restoration of health ever occurring. Now I, on the contrary, with the Water-cure, find it much easier to cure people than to talk them out of their senses. That you deem this last process no difficult one when your countrymen are concerned, is plain from the very flattering mention you make of "credulous England," from the jumble of words wherein you speak of other countries "yielding the palm of gullibility to England," and from the compassionating tone in which you speak of "John

Bull, good soul! who never suspects that the wily and presumptuous can pluck him with impunity." Pray let me ask whether this is the result of your personal experience—whether *you* have found John Bull's gullibility so very readily acted upon as you assert it to be? whether *you* have found him credulous enough to believe all that is told him about the wonder-working effects of drugs, or the disastrous results of washing his skin with spring water? For my part, I have found the same John Bull, whom you deem a "gull," a person who asks very pertinent questions when the welfare of his own body is concerned; one who insists on knowing the why and wherefore of the entire treatment to which I subject him. But then John knows what simple water is; he is not bothered with hard words or abbreviated hieroglyphics, such as your *hyd. c. cretâ*, ("would you believe it, John, this means blue pill and chalk!") I do not call the water that gushes from these pleasant hills *aq. font.*, but water, pure, clear, sweet, wholesome water, the like of which England has not elsewhere; neither do I attempt to astonish John by calling the mode of cure I practise *Hydropathy*, but by the plain words with which he has been acquainted since he began to speak,

Water-cure; I am not "*Greek*" enough to use the other one, which, for the rest, is a false denomination with a false derivation, which a learned doctor like yourself, ought to be aware of and not employ. The consequence is, that John Bull *understands* me, and when a man understands your meaning, doctor, you will find it very hard to gull him. But mere drug-doctors take very good care that he shall never understand them: and they hate the Water-cure and all who practise it, because it opens John's eyes and allows him to think for himself and for his own precious health. John Bull! John Bull! how grateful ought you to be to this "Secretary of the Provincial Medical Association," who "writes you down an ass!"

But you, with equal politeness, assert that only the *ignorant* have come under my care. Certes, if it be a sign of ignorance to bear a high rank in the peerage of this realm; if the Generals and Admirals and Captains of her Majesty's land and sea forces are necessarily ignorant; if gentlemen are made members of Parliament by virtue of their ignorance; and clergymen obtain a diploma for ignorance, at Oxford and Cambridge; if the possession of large landed property devolves only on the ignorant, in what you call "rich and cre-

dulous England;" and if ladies, one and all, are necessarily ignoramuses:—why I am under the obligation to confess that a great number of *my* patients have been grossly ignorant. Of one thing, however, they were not ignorant,—of the miserable plight into which drugging had placed them, — of the slow process of poisoning, to which they had been subjected, — of the fallacies of which they had been the victims. And had they been ignorant on every other point, they were sufficiently cognoscent to see in the Water-cure, the GLORIOUS, POTENT, SAFE, AND PHILOSOPHICAL WATER-CURE, their only chance of escape from doctors and doctor-begotten disease. Need I tell you that if they came to Malvern with such tendencies towards the truth, they left it with additional light on the subject,—light that will effectually prevent their ever again falling a prey to your "alteratives and aperients," your tonics, your mercurials, your antispasmodics, anthelmintics, and other jaw-breaking and bowel-lacerating remedies? Remedies!!

Truly I cannot sufficiently admire the cool insolence which urges a mere MAN OF DRUGS like yourself to brand with folly, credulity, and gullibility a collected number of honourable persons,

simply because they think proper no longer to pay for his " infallible pill." It can only be accounted for by supposing the desperation of offended pride and dwindling fees. What less pricking motives could bring you to place under the category of fool and gull, so well tried and approved a soldier and statesman as Lord Anglesey?* so amiable, elegant, and accomplished a nobleman as the Marquis of T——? such an individual as Lady V——, whose observations in her travels recently published, are far from bearing the stamp of credulity or gullibility? such a man as the learned and pious Dr. M—— and his reverend son-in-law?

* I have so many inquiries by letter, and otherwise, about the Noble Marquis, and there are so many false reports, that I cannot resist this opportunity of gratifying the wishes of many of my readers, who, no doubt, as well as *yourself*, learned drug-doctor, will be *delighted* to learn that Lord Anglesey is daily improving in health and strength. After the first day he passed at Malvern, the formidable tic has not broken out, and he does me the honour to say " that the Water-cure has already done for him what drugs of all kinds, and in all shapes, have for the last twenty-five years totally failed in doing." The noble lord is also pleased to say, that " He wonders how any one can call the mode of treatment disagreeable; for his part, he thinks it positively agreeable, and shall be almost sorry when it is terminated."

such a shrewd old soldier as General L'Estrange? &c. &c. &c., and above three hundred more of intelligence, worth, and rank, who have been or now are my patients—patients who can speak of the Water-cure as the only remedy for evils which your druggery has either begotten or fostered into intolerable growth. Gullibility! passing over the elegance of the term as uttered by a member of an honourable and gentlemanlike calling, what right have you to apply it to those I have mentioned, whom, had they fallen into the hands of a mere drug-doctor, every attempt would have been made to mystify with stale technicalities and mouthy no-meanings? Ill, very ill, does the accusation of deception come from such practisers of mummery, against myself, who tell all the world in plain English what my remedy is, *and inform and show all* MEDICAL MEN, who have the νους to inquire, how it is employed. But, as I said before, the desperation of curtailed fees and shorn honours is the only motive explanatory of such impudence.

Alas for me! that I should have made my resort at Malvern, at the foot of England's most pleasant hills! What avails it that there the air —the pure, invigorating mountain air—is the

best adapted for the Water-cure? *It is too near to Worcester*, and to the "Physician to the Worcester Infirmary." What avails it that there the water is most limpid, most sparkling, and most sweet, and therefore the best adapted to carry out the Water-cure in all its efficacy? *It is too near to Worcester*, wherein dwelleth the *man of drugs*. What avails it that summer or winter—*in the latter more even than in the former*,—the wondrous effects of the Water-cure can be produced, and the quondam *season* of Malvern, which comprised three short months, is made to extend the year round, peopling what *was* deserted for nine months of that year? *Still it is too near to Worcester—and to you.*

Yes; *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* My crime is my proximity to you. Had it pleased Heaven to rain all good things upon me, "you had been happy, so you had nothing known." Had it pleased me to slay, like another Herod, *all* the children of a village one hundred miles or more from Worcester, not from you would then have been a whisper about "crying and a tub of water," not a breathed allusion to "coroner's inquests." But how was I, unsophisticated, unsuspecting I, to guess that in coming hither I was

coming into the neighbourhood of so much "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness?" I fondly dreamed of a life of tranquillity and peace, and that the renowned physician of Worcester would have seized the opportunity of adding to his knowledge by taking the trouble to investigate a novel mode of medical treatment, and, if need were, to correct his antiquated system. I should have known better. I should have known how "few and far between" are the minds that can rise above prejudice, or unlearn what is palpably erroneous. I should have known how strongly the roots of prejudice and error are sunk into and twined around the brains which minister to the operations of such minds. The mistake is the more unpardonable in me as in my work on the Water-cure* I had instanced the INVETERACY of bad practice in the hospital to which the late SIR ASTLEY COOPER was attached, and against which that great man—quite as great a man as you, doctor—had for a length of time *inveighed in private:* but in vain, until *publicly and loudly* he stigmatized as infamous and disgraceful, the use of that deleterious drug, MERCURY, which *you* administered as *unnecessarily* to the child whose

* See page 15 of the "Water-cure."

case you have made the stalking-horse for an attack on the Water-cure, and on me, and an outlet for your injured pride and pocket.

But to return. Here am I at Malvern—not for my sins, but for the success of the Water-cure. For, doctor, there is something in this mountain air that certainly aids the mountain water. PRIESNITZ himself said to me, "Man muss Gebirge haben,"—*mountain air is necessary for the full development of the Water-cure.* He works his cures at the foot of the Sudites, and, with your gracious permission, I purpose to go on working a few at the foot of these hills. But perhaps you despise the opinion of the Austrian peasant who superseded the use of drugs. Well; if you will look into one of the organs of the drug-doctors, "The British and Foreign Medical Quarterly,"* you will find the self-sufficient reviewer there similarly testifying to the necessity of mountain air in the Water-cure. What can I do? When water-doctors and drug-doctors agree on this point, I *must* be right to act upon it. So here I am at Malvern, and here I intend to remain:—*though it be so near to Worcester.*

As a neighbour I will take upon myself to give

* For October, 1842.

you a little neighbourly advice. Hitherto, you have looked on Malvern as a place of summer residence for invalids: in sooth I marvel how they withstood the drugs even for the brief period they were here. Henceforth there will be a "*novus ordo rerum.*" I shall be able to work more cures in winter than in summer. *Water produces its beneficial results far more strikingly in winter than in the hot season.* The system reacts more vigorously, and regains its tone and strength more rapidly and permanently in cold weather. Long-standing inflammations, obstructions of all kinds, and those most intractable of all complaints —drug-diseases,—*gallop* on towards cure in the winter, when their progress would be much more slow though not less sure in the summer. Therefore, doctor, you must be on the look-out the whole year round. Keep the far-seeing eye of your mighty mind ever wide awake to spy the holes in my coat. Put on your best Dollond spectacles, or draw out your most powerful telescope, and have it pointed all the year round in the direction of these hills. *Envy* has both telescopic and microscopic eyes: you will look from afar, but you will doubtlessly see into the details of every case, prying into "tubs of water," or, like

the Irishman with his telescope, *hearing* my patients " crying with nervous terror."

Talking of prying; I discovered a thing the other day, which, but that it involves a sad tale, might have been passed over unnoticed. It is a duty I owe to society, to impart what I found.

I am so much enamoured of this beautiful spot, that I lose no opportunity of inspecting all that is part of it—from the majestic mountains, to the picturesque old abbey-church raised by the old monks. Wandering in its burial-ground, my eye fell on an unpretending slab, on which were engraved the following pithy and comprehensive, if not grammatically correct, lines.

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF GREAT MALVERN.

" PAIN WAS MY PORTION,
AND PHYSIC WAS MY FOOD:
GROANS WAS MY DEVOTION,
AND DRUGS DONE ME NO GOOD."

The matter of this epitaph was so much in accordance with my convictions regarding the principal cause of the death of nine-tenths of all those who slept in the same burial-place, that it seemed like a voice from the grave urging me to

renewed exertions, for the establishment of a less devastating system of medical treatment. Still, as the same conviction must have been strongly impressed on the minds of the friends of the deceased, or on that of his own, to induce either party to order such an inscription on his gravestone, it became a very laudable subject for inquiry on my part whether such was the case—AND WHO HAD BEEN THE MEDICAL ATTENDANT OF THE DEAD MAN. These queries I addressed to a person who, a short time ago, was a patient of yours, doctor, and concerning whom you told a brother practitioner that "she would die, in a few weeks, of consumption, and certainly not live a fortnight under my care, and that nothing could save her," but who is, as you know, to your ill-disguised annoyance, now recovering, and the wonder of those who have witnessed the change effected by the water treatment. I need scarcely add that the person in point turns out to have no consumption, and is by no means likely to die so early a death as you had doomed her to. In this you were mistaken, as I took care from the first to inform the friends of the patient in these words: "The chest is but slightly affected: there

is not enough there to account for the state she is in."

To the first of the questions above recited, the person to whom I put my queries could not answer. But to the last, judge of my feelings when this reply was given—DOCTOR HASTINGS!!!! of Worcester!!!

After my mind had recovered somewhat, I fell into a train of reflection. "And here," said I to myself, "is *one* of the victims of the drug system—an acknowledged, a self-confessed victim. To think too, that he should have been the patient of Dr. Hastings, who so awfully hints at "coroners' inquests" and "juries of honest and upright men in the faithful discharge of their duty!" Pity that so many go to their graves *without* "coroners' inquests:" we should then find who discharged their duty most faithfully—the juries or the mere drug-doctors. I wonder how many more of Dr. Hastings' patients slumber in this churchyard. Pity they cannot be brought to witness at the coroner's inquest that *might* have sat on my patient: I rather think there would be a "cloud of witnesses." Talk of wars and all its devastations! why it is child's play compared with

the waste of human life that accompanies the attempt to cure disease by drugs. The fiend of war mercifully sweeps thousands in a brief space into a common grave, and then rests, gorged with the slaughter and shamed with its own gluttony. It is like a bold highwayman, who puts a pistol to the head, and robs his victim of his life as well as purse. Whilst the fiend of poisonous drugs, vampire-like, slowly, continuously feeds on the life-blood of its victims, and, as it ceases not from its prey, accumulates their number, infinitely beyond that which war makes, quietly and stealthily pushing each one into an inglorious grave, "shameless, remorseless."

For several days after this, the homely rhymes of the grave-slab haunted my thought and my lips. Each time that I looked on the old abbey-church, one of the lines involuntarily rose to my lips, and I found myself muttering,

Drugs done me no good!

or, with melancholy variety, each of the other lines would rise in like manner; at one time it was

Pain was my portion:

at another, it was

Physic was my food,

and as if resolved to complete the stanza, the utterance was forced upon me of

> Groans was my devotion,
> And drugs done me no good.

What a tale of misery do these four short lines comprehend! And how frequently has it fallen to my lot, since I came hither, to have it illustrated in every variety of sufferer, and in every varied mode of expressing it!

My reflections and my walk terminated at the door of my own house, on entering which I found a patient had sent for me. She was a sufferer from serious stomach disease—ulceration, and I fear almost total disorganization of that part. "Pray," said I, "what has been done for you hitherto?" She replied; "The last thing I was advised to do, was to try several tumblers of cold water before breakfast: but it made me very ill indeed: it oppressed and sickened me dreadfully, and gave me spasms and colic the whole day: it seemed more than my stomach could bear:" "And who gave you this advice?" "DR. HASTINGS, OF WORCESTER!!"

And so, doctor, you have been nibbling at the Water-cure, this summer, when you found drugs

at a discount. Though you publish "no connexion with the person over the way," you have been trying your hand at his function. Why did you not continue it? I will tell you;—Because the patients would not allow you. They *saw* the attempt at the Water-cure, and they *felt* that *you* knew nothing about it: in the case of the lady, her stomach told her so in a very disagreeable manner. "Oh," said she, "if I am to undergo the Water-cure, I will place myself under Dr. Wilson; at all events, *this* mode of trying it will not do." And to Dr. Wilson she came. This I will acknowledge must have been very disagreeable to you—but how can I help it?

Now, if I had had the paltry soul to busy myself with burning holes in my *neighbour's* coat, and then holding it up to the light for all the world to see what a ragged individual *he* was, I should have straightway penned a letter to some Journal, commencing with some general *galimatias*, in which sundry hard words, though well-worn expressions, such as "paradoxical systems," "incubating hypothetical notions," "therapeutic agents," "gullibility," &c., were bandied about with the view of passing them off for "fine writing." I should then have observed that Worcester had

long been the resort of one of those heroes who, not having the honesty openly to seek the truth, and acknowledge it when found, but desirous to try, *on the sly*, the "practical application" of it "to the filling of his pockets," had, in the act of so doing, treated a case in such a manner, that "if death had occurred, the opinion might be hazarded (a mighty *hazard* truly!) that a jury of upright and honest men might, in the faithful discharge of their duty, have brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the author of this suffering and untimely death." I say I should have published all this and a great deal more malignant bombast—that is, if I had a paltry soul, or was a pitiful eaves-dropper. But as Providence has kindly organized me otherwise, I merely put the patient on the right plan of treatment, and thought nothing more about it, until your eloquent writing reminded me that "the reciprocity ought not to be all on one side." And so I mention it now in order to afford you another illustration of the homely proverb, "that they who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

I mention it, moreover, in illustration of the *mauvaise foi*, (there are two translations of this into English—you may take either,) which so

strongly characterizes all men who, sooner than receive a new fact, or abandon an old prejudice, in art or science, turn their intellect to the purpose of misrepresenting and maligning the promulgators of that fact. A former patient and friend of mine,* the Princess S——a, who had been above two years at Graefenberg, was so struck with this feature in the conduct of some of the continental drug-doctors who visited her and Preissnitz, that she observed to me "Je puis tout pardonner à ces gens *excepté leur mauvaise foi*;"—a remark emanating from one against whom no libellous papers had been published, and who, therefore, must have spoken from the conviction of disinterested observation. It is this want of moral courage to grasp, and the consequent tendency to *distort* and *misrepresent*, facts against which I protest as the besetting sin of those who, like yourself, raise the cry of "mad dog" when they behold anything that is likely to interfere with the *craft*—and the *crafty*. Luckily, the laity who essay the "Water-cure," *feel* that it is a mere mischief-making cry, and on your part a mean and sordid one. Therefore, ye may howl until ye are hoarse.

* See the treatment of her children in my "Water-cure," p. 142.

Yet there is corn amid the chaff: there are some gems in the rubbish. There are medical men who have gone on the continent, and some who have come hither with an earnest desire to investigate the merits of the Water-cure dispassionately;—aye, and who have the courage to speak out. Among these I would point out one, a stranger to me, who came voluntarily to live in my establishment, to submit to and observe the treatment, and who went away to give his public evidence, unknown to me also, to its simplicity, safety, and success: and he is a man your equal at least, doctor, in age, in experience, and in talent. Mr. Cooke, of Cheltenham, (*only three times more distant from Malvern than Worcester, doctor,*) made the following publication in the Cheltenham Journal, of the 13th or 14th of September, and I here repeat it for your edification.

THE WATER CURE.

To the Editor of the Cheltenham Journal.

Sir,—As it is pretty well known that I have been spending the last fortnight at Malvern, partly for the benefit of my own health, and partly for the purpose of inquiring *practically* into the nature of the means now employing there for the prevention of disease,

and for the recovery of health,—it is not unlikely that I may have many applications made to me for information on the subject. I feel, therefore, desirous of meeting these inquiries, by first showing the principle—*the great principle*—upon which those means are employed, and I know not that I can do this better, or better state what my own convictions are upon the subject, than by requesting you to insert the following letter, written by me whilst at Malvern, to one of my medical brethren in this place. I will only add, that the means adopted are—

1. Drinking cold water.
2. Cold bathing after passive sweating.
3. Cold bathing without sweating.
4. The wet sheet.
5. The wet sheet bath.
6. Partial bathing of particular parts.
7. Douche, or spout bath.
8. Cooling compresses.
9. Animating bandages.
10. Frictions.

These are all modified in their use according to the circumstances of each particular case; and I have no hesitation in saying, require the exercise of as much judgment and discretion as any other mode of medical ministration.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. T. Cooke.

Cambray Place, Cheltenham, Sept. 17.

Malvern, Sept. 9th, 1842.

My dear Dr.,—To you who so well know what a life of suffering mine has been, it will be no matter of surprise to hear that I should have been obliged to leave home for the purpose of *rest* and *quiet*, nor will you wonder that I should have come to this place with a view to give a fair trial to the *extraordinary* use of a simple remedy, having, as you also know, tried every *ordinary* remedy in vain. I am also anxious to ascertain, by personal observation and experience, for the benefit of others as well as myself, what are the real pretensions of what is called "the water-cure" to the estimation which it so loudly claims from the profession and the public. To you and to myself it will be no marvel if it should substantiate those claims. You have always, in your own case as well as in your practice, given to the skin its fair share of attention, and in my little book on the management of health and life, published as long ago as 1826, are to be found the two passages, I have quoted and enclosed for you. It was a pleasure to me to hear, before I left home, that you had spoken favourably of Dr. Wilson's mode of ministering to disorder and disease; and I am still further gratified by finding patients of yours under his care who bear testimony to your liberality of feeling on the subject. As yet, I cannot speak of myself as being better, but you know the nature of my ailment, and will not expect too much any more than I do, from even this

mode of relief, combined, though it be, with what I so much need, comparative repose from labour.

If I am spared to return, it will be a gratification to me to tell you all I have witnessed, and all I have experienced, of the effects of Dr. Wilson's varied application of his *one* remedy. I have already beheld much that would have surprised me, if I had not long since learnt that the *simplest means* were the best in the hands of a *Minister Naturæ*, or *the Minister of God*, and had not, from a very early period of my life, defined the practice of medicine (in its unsophisticated sense) to be "*good common sense directed to a particular object*," and, I might add, *that object a blessed and blessing one.*

If you should feel inclined to take a drive over any day whilst I am here, I should be glad to see you, and to have the pleasure of introducing you to the author of "A Practical Treatise on the Cure of Diseases by Water," &c. &c.

I am, my dear Dr. faithfully yours,

C. T. Cooke.

. . . "Indeed, when we contemplate the importance of the function of the skin in its effects on the general activity of the vascular system, and in the delegated action which takes place between it, the stomach and intestines, and the kidneys and lungs, we shall be convinced of the wisdom, if not of the necessity, of paying attention to its *habitual* state. Engaged as the skin and the lungs are in the performance of the same function (the throwing forth carbonic acid gas) we should

be very particularly attentive to the condition of the former where there is any disposition to disease in the latter organ, since any impression of cold on the surface —any *check* to perspiration, throws upon the lungs more than their ordinary duty, and thus induces irritation in them, and perhaps consequent disease. Again, when we see how much the state of the skin is influenced by disorder and derangement of the viscera, we should be led not only to mark the symptoms of internal disease upon it, but to adopt the best means of exciting the one as a remedy for the affections of the other. In like manner the condition of the brain and the secretion of the kidneys are influenced by the state of the skin and perspiration. All this tends to show, that the nervous and vascular system are to be considered as *one great whole*, of which, indeed, each part has its different allotment, but can never, in a natural state, or in morbid conditions, in general, be absolutely *independent of*, or *disconnected from*, the other parts of that mysterious portion of our frame; and that the health of all the functions of our bodies is influenced, to the full extent of what has been before said on the subject of *sympathy*, and of the importance of an *equal* distribution of nervous and vascular excitement, by the proper or improper action of the skin. The subject is deserving of scientific examination and reflection, both in pathology and in practice; for health is enjoyed only when the various functions, which together form the animal economy, are perfect, and one function cannot be in health unless the whole be also."

. . . "I will only add on the subject of this mode of

influencing the health and strength of the circulation, and of course the health of all the functions of the body, my entire concurrence with the opinion of my first and highly esteemed preceptor, Sir Charles Bell, that if instead of taking the *stomach, or the liver*, or the bowels, and continually harping upon them to the exclusion of the other parts of our frame, any one should take *the skin* as his object of care, that his practice would have equal success, and his cases and facts become soon as numerous; whilst his connexion with general science would be more intimate, and his claims to public favour more valid than any who have yet flourished in it by promulgating doctrines in regard to the functions and diseases of individual parts."

For this he has suffered the penalty of private abuse and disrupted friendship—the best compliment that could be paid to him: for had he left my house and published a libel upon it and me, he would have been in better odour with some of his confrères; but, if I know him aright, in worse odour with himself. It is idle to talk about his interested motives—where are they? it is false to hint at his want of veracity—where is physician or surgeon of Cheltenham who can impeach his truthfulness?

I will give you another piece of news, which I have just received from a friend in London.

You have, doubtlessly, heard of one HERBERT MAYO, Esq. senior surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital: a gentleman of some considerable renown in the medical profession, and the author of several works both of a popular and technical character. In an evil hour he was seized with rheumatism, and in a still more unlucky hour he tried to cure it with drugs. For years he had tried them: sought and took advice in all quarters: until, crippled by the complaint *and the remedies*, the practice of his profession became impossible to him. *He* was not fool enough to be frightened at the "mad-dog" cry, nor vulgar enough to regard the sneers at the "Austrian peasant." To water-cure he went for relief; and the latest accounts from himself, are to the effect that he is rapidly recovering health, and will be able in November to re-enter upon his professional duties.

Thus you see, doctor, that, great a man as you are, *all* the members of the medical profession do not agree with you. In fact, you are only "a Triton of the minnows:" the small-fry, the sprats (the best of all manures, to fatten prejudice and feed conceit,) are your appropriate worshippers. I wish you joy of them: long may you reign over

them! Your subjects are numerous, if they be not enlightened: therefore if manufacturing (*of physic*) distress presses on them—and there are many signs of such a coming event,—look well to their allegiance. With them you are (once a year at least) a *little* somebody: without them, that hyperborean horror—nobody!

But spite of your vituperation of *me*, it is funny enough to see how wary you are necessitated to be in that of the Water-cure itself. You talk *at* it, but do not grapple *with* it. You make a preliminary flourish about quackery, but cannot bring yourself to call the Water-cure by the name. For this there are "reasons twain;" and, lest your modesty should forbid you to publish them, I will.

The first one is to be found in the fact that, though, as I just now told you, "a Triton of the minnows," you are conscious enough of your intrinsic importance to *follow* in the wake of greater fishes. In this country the Leviathan of medical periodical literature, the *Edinburgh Journal*, pronounced a half favourable opinion on the Water-cure, and you were well aware how very laughable it would be for *you* to attempt an opposition-splash to the huge monster. This is the more

probable as, in the concluding paragraph of your paper, you seek to appear very deeply read in the history of water; whereas, by a reference to the Journal in question, (July 1842,) the authors whose names you quote will be found to be those mentioned by said Leviathan. And as very few of the "minnows" read it, you are no doubt considered a very "learned Theban" by them. The antithetical jingle, too, about "true and new," and "new and true," is "mighty ancient and fish-like," and was used with regard to this very Water-cure, some months ago, by an obscure penny-a-liner of the *Lancet*. This *par parenthèse*.

The second reason for your forbearance, I am bound to confess it, does honour to your prudence. You do not cut it up, because you have not got possession of the body of it: in a word, *you know nothing about it*. You know neither the principle of its employment nor the details of its application; nor, with the peculiar framework of mind you exhibit, are you likely to know them. There is a want of largeness in your mind which will ever forbid you from looking beyond the petty circle of persons and things of which a long continued routine has made you fancy yourself the master. Your faculties run in a groove, incapable of striking

out into new paths of knowledge: or if new things are actually placed in your groove, you attempt to push them aside or slur them over, rather than stop to investigate them. Possibly you may pick up now and then a new drug preparation, but this is still the groove; for you see nothing but *drugs*, you smell nothing but *drugs*, you taste nothing but *drugs*, you handle nothing but *drugs;* all external, all internal sense in you is embraced, imbued, and circumfused by *drugs*. All your cry is *drugs! drugs! drugs!*

As regards your preliminary "words, words, words," about quackery, I must, in the first place, refer you to my definition of what quackery *is*, in the letter press which precedes this letter, and forms a portion of this volume.

In the next place, I will endeavour to make you comprehend what quackery is *not*. It is *not* a system of practice in which an individual uses an agent that is known to, and accessible by, all the community; an agent not described in abbreviated signs, the scribblers of which are themselves rarely able to spell in their correct fulness; an agent which does not relieve for the moment, and thus invite the sufferer to a renewal of the causes of his suffering. It is *not* a system which rejects the

craft of medical art, apportioning the artists in such fashion that each section shall be bound to the other in the mutual onslaught on the common sense and cash of the community,—some physicians and surgeon-apothecaries, to wit, "crying caw me, caw thee," to each other, whilst they pluck the wool off the sheep on whose unhappy back they alight. It is *not* a system which forbids a man to throw dust in the eyes of a patient by giving him a dose of school jargon to account for the mischief produced by a dose of physic with a scholastic name. Finally, it is *not* a system which repudiates Mystery, which tears the cloak off Ignorance, which laughs in the face of grandiloquent Assumption, and, by facts and arguments built upon them, lays bare the hideousness of Falsehood. Quackery does none of these things; and, failing in them, but ENACTING MYSTERY, PRACTISING CRAFT, DEALING IN JARGON, CLOTHED IN IGNORANCE, *bloated with* IMPUDENCE, *and steeped in* MISREPRESENTATION, *it is to be found, in the plenitude of its attributes, in the peculiar system of which* YOU *pretend to be the "Hero."*

In the last place, doctor, let me advise you to practise a little humility, and not hug yourself in the belief that what *you* insinuate to be quackery must of necessity appear so to others, and for ever

stamp it as such. I would further recommend you not to cherish the hope that you can ride rough-shod over *me*, or that *I* shall quail under your frown or sink before your pride and presumption, your power of distorting facts and fabricating misrepresentations. I was led to believe that you were something of a lion: but I find that you have not the generosity of one, *and only the hide;* —"doff it,"

"And hang a calf-skin on thy recreant limbs."

The next time you feel bilious and inclined to be pugnacious, you will find me ready, with this pen in hand, to do battle for the great modern discovery, the potent, efficacious, simple, yet philosophical WATER-CURE.

Until then "to dinner with what appetite you may."

JAMES WILSON.

Great Malvern,
November 1st, 1842.

LETTER II.

LEARNED DOCTOR,

THE ink in my pen was scarcely dry, ere the bilious fit mentioned in the latter paragraph of my letter seems to have invaded you with augmented intensity.

Having said that I would stand to the defence of the Water-cure and of myself, I will not shrink from my promise, although several considerations have been urged on me to induce me to leave you to the silent contempt which is, perhaps, the best answer to your undignified course of proceeding.

From all quarters, from those who are of your acquaintance, from those who are your patients, from those who wish you well, I hear of but one expressed opinion regarding the unwarrantable,

unprovoked, and systematic mode of attack you have thought fit to make on me. Some remark, "Dr. Hastings has made a sad mistake;" others, that "he has taken a false step." And all recommend that I should leave you to the certain reward of such combined malice and folly. But I have said you should be answered; and you shall. You shall not be allowed to scatter your venomous aspersions and slanderous misrepresentations without an antidote to the one, and an exposure of the other. I will show you for what you are—a *trickster*, and a *sordid trafficker* in other men's reputations.

A friend of mine, conversing the other day in London with the most brilliant luminary of British medical literature, a fellow of the College of Physicians, and a man of your own age, chanced to mention that "Dr. Hastings was busy attacking Dr. Wilson." "Pooh," answered the literary giant; "Wilson need not mind Hastings—*he is a poor creature.*" So that I have here again good authority for leaving you to the undisturbed enjoyment of your exquisitely benevolent feelings, and highly christian train of thought. Still, as you cantingly dwell on your "duty to the public," I also am impelled by the sense of a like duty

to disabuse them. To me they have been a liberal, confiding public, and I should ill repay their liberality and confidence by suffering even such an one as you to depreciate the means by which so many of them have been benefited in health, or to vilify myself who employed those means.

Your last effusion is a consolation to me, inasmuch as it confirms me in my impressions regarding the motives which actuated the former one. Disappointed vanity and baffled cupidity reign in every line of it, though I believe the latter to be stronger than the former. Conjointly, however, they appear to have produced that species of rage which is usually met with in minds that are essentially vulgar, and capable only of the two motives just mentioned.

It certainly is enough to disgust the coarsest stomach to hear *you* spouting about "duty to the public,"—you who are notorious for your strict attention to the financial part of your intercourse with that unlucky portion of the "public" who fall under your professional care! More than one member of that portion have given me their evidence to this "amiable weakness" on your part. "Ha!" said one of your patients,

" Hastings looks sharply after the guineas." "'Tis true," said another, " Dr. Hastings is said to be fond of money;" and a third observed, Dr. Hastings " Will never forgive or forget the loss of a guinea." And thus you are bruited about by those who know you—know every nook and corner of your character. It takes, however, neither much time nor much power of vision to peer through the flimsy veil which you throw over your paltry and pitiful inducements to paltry and pitiful attacks. " Duty to the public!!" Pshaw! man, do give us some reason more consonant with probability. Do it for your own sake, if not for mine.

But as the warlike rage waxes stronger in your breast, (I had almost written, *pocket*,) you exclaim, " England expects every man to do his duty." What! have *you* the impudence to call upon " rich and credulous England" to arm and fight for your craving pocket? Have *you* the audacity to issue a battle-word to " simple John Bull," to stand up in defence of your sordid interests and humbled self-conceit? Perhaps you imagine (for what do you not imagine?) that the holiday terms you apply to the nobility and gentry who have come under my care during the last few months—" the stupid, gullible, incorrigible dupes

and monomaniacs,"—may induce *them* to respond to your cry and flock to your standard? So astounding is your insolence, and so overwhelming your vanity, that even such an expectation as this is not beyond your compass. "England expects every man to do his duty!!" Why what Pistol-like fustian is this to proceed from a mere drug-doctor! 'Tis the true anti-climax—Nelson at Trafalgar about to defend his glorious country's honour—and *a* Dr. Hastings at Worcester striving to defend his dirty gains and rally his countrymen round the standard of *hyd. c. cretâ*, or mercury and chalk, and *sesqui*-carbonate of soda!

So ludicrous does the thing appear, that I am inclined, out of pity, to suppose you wrote it in that strange bewilderment of mind which, if not insanity, is close upon it;—that state wherein people are apt to utter things that are "apropos to nothing:" as your war-cry assuredly is. In fact, my supposition is not far from the truth: you *have* the delirium of the *yellow* fever (*fee*-ver?) on you. Or, as you are ready at classifying "monomaniacs," I should say you were in a state of "*monomania acquisitiva*."

As your motives are low and unworthy, so are the appeals you make vile and indecent. By a straining

of a painful kind from premises of a false kind, you pronounce me to be a "chartist," and to be guilty of "impiety," appealing thus to the political and religious prejudices of those who read your trash. As regards the "political" part of the trick, I shall content myself by saying that if you know what my political opinions are, you know more than I myself do. The study of my profession has been always sufficient to occupy my mind: neither have I been dishonest enough to *trade* in politics, as you do in your present appeal.

But as regards the attempt to fix the stigma of "impiety" on me from a passage in my work on the Water-cure, words will not express my scorn of the man who, having your sordid motives, can draw such a forced, dishonest, and ignorant conclusion from such a passage. By the substance of that passage I abide; and I repeat, that by irritating the stomach of an individual, I could drive him to madness, and to the act of suicide: but here is the passage at length.

"Give me any full-grown individual, and let me act on his system and his brain, through his stomach, with meats and drinks in *small* or *larger* quantity *at my disposal*, and I will make him grave or gay, cheerful

or melancholy; reduce him to the depths of despair, or elevate him to a fancied heaven. I will destroy his memory, or make him imagine himself the most miserable man on earth—the most to be pitied—having in his possession everything to make him satisfied. I will make him run or walk, lie in bed without the power of movement—to blaspheme or pray, and, although the best of persons, LAY VIOLENT HANDS ON HIS OWN LIFE. Of these states there is every shade of intenseness, which people produce themselves, without my being called upon to experimentalize: such is the human constitution, and such are the facts which medical men see frequently illustrated.

"It is evident that the human mind, in its present earthly state of existence, is so closely connected with the body, that whatever affects the one must also affect the other; thus we shall find mental anguish produce bodily suffering, and *vice versâ*. Ignorant persons, who take a superficial view of things, may look upon this as the doctrine of materialism; but this is a most absurd mistake. The body acts upon the mind, and the mind upon the body, and religion accords with, and indeed teaches this fact."

For the possibility of such a process, I refer you to any of the modern writings on insanity, as well as to the long-recognized physiological connexion between the stomach and the brain, the physical organ of the spiritual mind. The veriest tyro in the science of life could enlighten you on the

subject—a subject the ignorance of which unfits you for the practice of the medical art with anything like precision or success. Your ignorance, affected or real, on this point stamps you either as falling wofully short in professional acquirement or in common integrity.

Nay more; there is no greater "impiety" than the application of religious subjects to the furtherance of worldly projects. *I* never dared to bring the awful and mysterious soul of man into the question. 'Tis you who have ventured to employ so serious a subject towards the accomplishment of a purely worldly and unchristian aim, namely, the defamation of your fellow-man, and the exaltation of your own pecuniary interests. Of the genuine religious feeling of the man who can, even in the most indirect and least palpable way, drag a matter of eternal importance into a dispute of temporary value, every right-thinking person will have the strongest doubt. In this predicament you are, learned doctor: and I leave you to get out of it as you best can.

A pretty person, truly, you are to preach on "immorality!" Call you it moral to search out every weapon, fair or *foul*, to unprovokedly as-

sail an individual whose only fault is unwitting interference with your profits? Call you it *moral* to use every *vile* means to obtain information,—to awe your satellites, and cajole the poor into the supplying of it? Call you it *moral* to pervert, distort, and *utterly misrepresent* the information thus *morally* obtained, supposing it even to have been correct in the first instance? Call you it *moral*, with all the bad passions of human kind burning within you, to mouth about "duty to the public," and "absence of sordid considerations of emolument?" Call you these things moral—honest—or truthful? Yet with "mendacious and bold" pen, you scribble about "immorality."

But why should I dwell on your precious motives? He who runs may read them in each line and each word of the compositions you have set forth in your "Journal." Fewer lines, fewer words—nay, four letters—will explain what you so clumsily and verbosely strive to conceal regarding your motives. These letters are F.E.E.S. What do they spell, learned doctor?

Leaving you with the above *capital* motives, I will say a few words on the cases which you have trumped up and given to the world with

all your titles appended, as well as under the cover of the editorial "we."

In the first place, I would remark that the subjects of them are in that class of society whose poverty renders them very amenable to the operation of a bribe, when certain things are to be uttered by mouth or pen. *Verbum sap:*—you no doubt understand all this, learned doctor. Now tell me, like an honest man as you are, how much of the history of his case was given or written by the so-called gouty patient? Did he really throughout never mention my real patronymic, but always speak of me as the "water-doctor?" Did he really and truly compose the well-turned sentences, touching the wonder-working effects of Dr. Hastings' treatment? Are you *quite* sure he did not write you down a "drug-doctor?" To be plain with you, I believe that you wrote what the man was, for some consideration or other, to stand sponsor for. Surely this is all fair and gentlemanlike, and, besides, conduces vastly to the honour of the profession whose eulogium you strive to make.

In the next place, I would remark of the cases generally, that the subjects of them were unable, from the same unlucky cause, poverty, to follow

out all the treatment which the Water-cure would insist upon in order to produce the best results. *You* know this well, but in the fair and gentlemanlike spirit above referred to, carefully retain the fact in the background.

As regards the cases in particular, it were beneath me to give the *real* statement of them, where I can merely put my word against that of every cajolable individual you may chance to fall in with, or rather whom you have hunted out. Accordingly, I shall leave you with the *complaisant* friends who say and write and sign whatever seemeth best to your worldly wisdom; contenting myself with simply denying their (i. e. your) exposition of the individual cases.

To this resolve, however, I will make two exceptions. One is the case of the labourer at Malvern, which is given in the following terms:

Extract from the Provincial Medical Journal,

October 15, 1842.

"THE SECOND CASE IS THAT OF A LABOURER RESIDING CLOSE TO MALVERN, WHO, ABOUT SIX WEEKS AGO, FEELING RATHER POORLY, WITH HEADACHE AND SLIGHT FEVERISHNESS, APPLIED TO THE WATER DOCTOR. HE WAS SUBMITTED TO A PROCESS SIMILAR TO THE FORMER,

WITH THE ADDITION OF WET TOWELS ROUND THE LOINS, WHICH HE WAS COMPELLED TO WEAR FOR THREE DAYS, WHEN FINDING THEM EXTREMELY COLD AND UNPLEASANT, HE GAVE THEM UP. IN A FEW DAYS PAINS IN THE BACK AND LOINS ENSUED, AND HE HAS NOW A LARGE PSOAS ABSCESS POINTING IN THE RIGHT GROIN."

I am sorry to be obliged, learned doctor, previously to entering upon the *real* details of this case, to tell you in plain set terms, without equivocation or qualification, that the above account of it is nothing more nor less than a tissue of unblushing falsehoods:—in plain English, THERE IS NOT ONE WORD OF TRUTH IN IT. How any one can have dared to put it forth in *your* Journal, as it there stands, passes my powers of comprehending impudence and mendacity.

" Mark how a plain tale shall set you down.' Here is the case as it really occurred, and testified to by Mr. Green, the person in whose house the patient lodged while under my care.

I may mention that, notwithstanding I was, at the time this poor man presented himself, occupied from six in the morning to ten at night, visiting patients, and had then generally from six to twelve letters to answer before going to rest, it did not prevent me from treating many pauper patients: and this was one of them.

CASE OF A LABOURER RESIDING CLOSE TO MALVERN.

His account of himself was this: — that a horse had fallen upon him, and that his loins had been dreadfully hurt. Some time after this, he was obliged to seek relief at an hospital— THE WORCESTER INFIRMARY, IN FACT. "*I walked,*" said he, " into the Worcester Infirmary, and after remaining there *nine weeks,* came out *on crutches.* They told me I was incurable, and that they did not know what was the matter with me. I then went into the Droitwich Infirmary for a month, and I went out, on my crutches, no better.' Such were his words.

When he came to me, I found him looking ill and haggard, and, as is said in your journal, " with headache and feverishness." *He could not put the right foot to the ground;* and he had *a settled pain in the right hip and loin.* After nine days (not *nine weeks*) of my treatment, he could walk and put his foot to the ground with little or no pain. His general health and appearance was so improved, that his father, who saw him at this time, said, " that he never saw such a change for better in a person in so short a time." There was still a dull pain in the right loin, indicating

some diseased action in the part, or the formation of abscess, as it turned out. In about ten days after this, the matter worked itself into the groin and pointed. *It was after it had pointed that I applied the water poultice to the groin*, made by a compress of linen, wrung out of water, *and well covered with several folds of dry linen* to retain and augment the warmth. (This is what you call "the *cold* wet towels round the loins which caused the abscess.*) But when I saw the matter had pointed, I was aware that it would take a longer time than the poor man could well afford to give; I therefore said to him, "You had better *go back* to the Worcester Infirmary: they will *now* know what is the matter with you." Surely, doctor, this does not look as if I feared to send him back for your kindly inspection. But again I say, that search the whole records of misrepresented facts, I defy you to point me out one more barefacedly

* COLD *wet towels* and bandages *round the loins* are said, in your Journal, to be applied to many of my patients. It so happens, that such a thing has not occurred since I have been at Malvern. Don't you think, learned doctor, *entre nous*, it would be good policy to mix up a *little* truth with these kind of statements in the Provincial Journal? I mean, just by way of a change, or for the sake of a little variety.

impudent and flagrant than this. This was the case which was circulated by all means in your power and in that of your party,—foul and fair,—throughout the kingdom, as a *crisis*, the result of the water-cure, and attended with extreme danger, if not certain death!!! After this, if you are not ashamed of yourself, and of your party, I can only say that I am ashamed for, and pity you too.

By the way, learned doctor, I beg to inform you, as you do not seem to be aware of the fact, that a *psoas abscess* takes a long time, *weeks, and sometimes months, as in the present case*, and not "*a few days*," to form, as is said in your Journal,—without, indeed, it be *convenient* to insinuate that it does.

To the other case — viz, one of rheumatic gout—which you call gout, I can fortunately bring the evidence of an honourable member of the medical profession, to wit, Lord Anglesey's family physician, who saw the case with me. In the presence of this gentleman, the wife of the patient stated: "He will never do anything he is bid: it has always been so, and he has nearly worn me out." You will perceive from this experience and observation of the wife, both in my treatment and former treatment, how little likelihood there was of my orders being followed. Coupling

this with the fact that you were attending this man's daughter, who was lying in the same bed with him, and that *you took the opportunity of my absence* "to feel his pulse and examine his tongue," (see your own statement,) and of *course encourage* him to pursue the treatment, an explanation why he did *not* so pursue it, and why he was not benefited, as much as he might have been, is clear enough to any impartial reader. Do me the favour, by the way, to ask this man, the father of your patient, whether I ever "felt her pulse or looked at her tongue" during your absence, or hinted at fatal results of *drug* treatment. And perhaps you will do your partial readers the kindness to state, in one of the series of essays you threaten, what has been the fate of this poor girl—whether she is now to be reckoned, or not, among the living? for I heard she was dying.

As soon as the copy of the journal containing your account of the above case was sent to me, I immediately took it to the medical gentleman alluded to, who, before he had entirely read it through, cried out, "This is shameful"—so widely different was *your* statement from the evidence of his own senses and recollection.

Ex uno disce omnes.

Whilst on the subject of gout, and the unfortunate conclusions you so veraciously attribute to my treatment of it, I cannot but think it will be refreshing to your mind, ever anxious as it is for "the public," to peruse one or two written and authenticated testimonies, out of many, to my success in the disease in question. Desirous as I am to ease your harassed spirit with *some* good news of the efficacy of the "Water-cure," I will make no apology for intruding the following letter upon you, in addition to that already given in my first letter. It was given by Mr. Case (a gentleman well and esteemedly known in the county of Lancashire) to Dr. Cameron, in consequence of inquiries which the latter was making for some noble patient in London. Dr. Cameron sent me the letter to add to my stock, and the writer of it has kindly assented to my publication of it for your special edification.

Belle Vue Hotel, Great Malvern,
October 25th, 1842.

DEAR SIR,

It is with much pleasure I sit down to comply with your request to communicate shortly respecting my own sufferings from gout and the effects produced on me during my short visit to this place, using the cold water remedy under the advice of Dr. Wilson. I

have been a martyr to gout from a very early age, and have already reached my sixty-fifth year. From the year 1816, I have generally been attacked periodically spring and autumn, the violence and suffering of the fit increasing yearly. The joints of my hands, feet, ancles, knees, and elbows, much enlarged, and containing chalky matter, and the legs liable to be much swollen at night after exercise. I left my own house, Thingwall Hall, near Liverpool, on Friday morning the 7th inst., and consulted the doctor on the same evening, commencing operations on the following morning, viz., the blankets and cold bath. I had much difficulty in reaching the well, where I drank four glasses of water, and returned with a fine appetite to breakfast; again took walking exercise, and another bath before dinner; and this has been the daily course, wearing the wet compress and dry bandage over the stomach. When I left home, I had active gout in both elbows; this very shortly disappeared. I have repeatedly tried, I believe I may safely say, every reported remedy without much success, and felt much doubt and hesitation in submitting to the treatment with cold water. However, I have no reason to regret the trial, feeling better and stronger than I have done for years. My capability of taking walking exercise has daily increased, and I can now, without much pain or fatigue, walk seven or eight miles a day. From the repeated perspiration and ablutions, the skin is softened and rendered more elastic, the swelling of the legs has disappeared, and the lumps on the hands and fingers materially reduced. In fine,

by a continuance of the system, I am sanguine in being enabled to eradicate the enemy, and as far as I can judge, without any the slightest risk in bringing on other complaints. I live moderately, and though allowed by the doctor a glass or two of sherry,* I have given even that up from choice, and really feel not the slightest desire for any such stimulant; — although at home I have been in the habit of taking aperient medicine almost daily, I have required none whatever here. I shall be happy to communicate any further information, and remain,

Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS CASE.

Dr. Cameron.

Thus you see, doctor, that water is not so ineffectual with *respectable* patients affected with gout.

* Lest any one should suppose from the above, that I indulge my patients with wine, it is necessary to remark that permission was given only for a day or two, the conviction on my mind from past experience being, that the patient would of his own accord relinquish the stimulant in that period— so rapidly and certainly does the stimulus of water supersede that of wine, and convince at the same time, from the contrast in the feelings both *moral* and *physical* of the individual, that to take wine is a misfortune, and a stupid fallacy. I may add, that Mr. Case has forgotten to mention the operation of the douche, and sitz baths, &c., which he took in the course of the treatment, and which assisted in the beneficial result.

But listen again to the following, which came to my hands while I was writing the above, from Mr. Warwick of this place, to whom the letter was written by a former patient of mine, who, among so many, had almost escaped my memory. Previous to making certain inquiries from Mr. Warwick, he writes thus:

London, October 26, 1842.

SIR,

Having received so much benefit while at Malvern, under Dr. Wilson's treatment for gout and rheumatism, I am anxious for my fellow-sufferers to derive as much benefit as their constitutions will admit. Not knowing any one at Malvern, it struck me that you would give me the required information for apartments for a gentleman, his lady and servants. He has been a martyr for many years to that worst of all complaints. He has everything except health, &c. &c. &c.

Signed, C. C.

Upper Brook Street.

Here, then, is another patient who, by his recommending his friends to come hither, is evidently not so dissatisfied with the Water-cure, and does not give so lugubrious an account of it as your patient did. Be it remembered, however, that this gentleman had not had the gratifying opportunity of being convinced by you that he

was " a gull, an incorrigible dupe, stupid, a fool, and a monomaniac." But he is happy in his ignorance and the cessation of his complaints.

After satisfying you that I am not committing the devastation among gouty patients you would desire to make appear, I will now answer an insinuation which you have put forward with the most impudent and unblushing effrontery. You desire to fix upon me the imputation of purposing " to cast a shade on the brightness of the halo which surrounds the imperishable name of Astley Cooper," and wish your readers to believe that the celebrated appeal of that great man, which I quote in my " Water-cure," is a pure fabrication of my own, trusting to my hitherto preserved silence. Now so far was it from my intent, in quoting the passage, to throw the smallest taint on the character of my old teacher, that I thereby considered I was paying the best compliment my poor means afforded to his professional honesty, and disinterested solicitude for the lives of his fellow-creatures. And in order there should be no mistake on this point, I will treat you and all who read this with a repetition of his manly appeal. The words are these:—

Extract from the " Water-cure," p. 14.

" I will not attempt to solve this difficulty, but sub-

mit to the reader the following extract from Sir Astley Cooper's last course of lectures—a gentleman whose authority is of the greatest value, and whose loss cannot be too much regretted :—

Extract from Sir Astley Cooper's Lectures.

"In the first place, gentlemen, let me observe to you, that no greater folly, and indeed *cruelty*, can be committed than that of giving mercury to patients for the cure of this disease. A man who gives mercury in gonorrhœa really deserves to be *flogged out of the profession*, because he must be quite ignorant of the principles on which this disease is to be cured. To give mercury to a young and irritable person, who is probably constantly exposed to vicissitudes of temperature, for a disease which *does not require it*, (thus exposing the health, and even *the life of the patient to danger*,) is, in the present state of our knowledge, perfectly unpardonable. *It is lamentable to reflect on the number of lives which must have been destroyed by consumption and otherwise*, in consequence of the imprudent exhibition of mercury for a disease which did *not require it*, which prevailed among the older surgeons. At the present time, however, a surgeon must be either grossly ignorant, or shamefully negligent of the duty which he owes to the character of his profession, and to the common dictates of humanity, if he persists in giving mercury for this disease. Let those persons who suppose that it can be cured by mercury, go round our wards, and see whether mercury has any effect on that disease. Look, gentlemen, at a hundred patients in our lock wards, many of whom come into the hospital with syphilis and gonorrhœa; and many, I am sorry to say, who have

only gonorrhœa, but who are invariably carried to these wards. What is the *miserable treatment* of these patients? You are aware, gentlemen, that I scarcely ever enter the lock wards of the other hospital; when a particular case demands my attention, I have the patient removed to a clean ward. I will tell you why I do not enter these wards, gentlemen: I abstain from entering them, because patients *are compelled to undergo so infamous a system of treatment*, THAT I CANNOT BEAR TO WITNESS IT. *To compel an unfortunate patient to undergo a course of mercury for a disease which does not require it, is a proceeding which reflects disgrace and dishonour on the character of a medical institution.* No consideration shall induce me to repress my feelings on this subject; no authority shall restrain me from giving full expression to those feelings. As long as I continue a surgeon of Guy's Hospital, I will endeavour to do my duty; but I care not if I continue a surgeon of that hospital another day. I do say, that the present treatment of patients in these hospitals, by putting them unnecessarily under a course of mercury for five or six weeks, is INFAMOUS AND DISGRACEFUL. The health of a patient is, perhaps, *irremediably destroyed* by this treatment; and, after all, not the slightest effect is produced by it on the disease. If he is cured, he must be cured by other means. If you go to a patient in these wards at the end of his course, and ask him how many times he has used mercury, he will generally answer 'twenty-eight times. If you ask whether he is salivated, he will tell you that he spits *three pints a-day;* but ask whether his disease is cured, and he

will reply, 'No, I am as bad as ever.' His complaint is not in the slightest degree affected by the mercurial course to which he has been so unpardonably subjected. When so infamous a practice prevails, I cannot satisfy my own feelings by resorting to *milk and water language;* every man of common feeling and honesty is bound to speak out on such an occasion. It is wholly unnecessary to give mercury in any form for this disease."

You know full well where to find this quotation, and any medical student would tell you. But lest you should further equivocate on the point, you may look for it in the pages of the "Lancet," where the last course of lectures by Sir Astley Cooper is published.

From your remarks on the above quotation, you further aim to denounce me as the wholesale libeller of my professional brethren. How far I am so appears in the *very next* paragraph, *which you must have read, following the quotation,* but which your candour and professional honesty forbade you to quote. Therefore I will do it for you; here it is.

Extract from the "Water-cure," p. 16.

"Notwithstanding this forcible appeal of Sir Astley Cooper, which must have been preceded by much persuasion and many entreaties, there was no man in the

profession more liberal to his brethren, or more ready to do them any personal service; his sole object in the above remarks, was the removal of an error and an important abuse, and to prevent the destruction of human life; and this reminds me, that as my humble attempt for the same purposes will fall more particularly into the hands of the admirers of the 'water-cure,' I am bound to tell them that great injustice is committed by many misinformed advocates of 'the cure,' by the opprobrious epithets they apply to our profession generally—mistaking the *errors and delinquencies of some* as typical of the whole class. I would tell such persons, that innumerable medical men *are*, and *have been*, the brightest ornaments of human nature; devoting their lives to the cultivation of the sciences bearing upon, and disinterestedly occupied with but one great aim—the relief of human sufferings. The annals of medicine are rife with these philanthropic benefactors, whose lives were passed in study, in attending the sick poor, and in the disgusting and health-destroying duties of the dissecting room, and whose existence was often sacrificed to their unwearied labours. Often unrewarded were they, but still stedfast in their purpose, though many of their more fashionable brethren, the creatures of accident, of patronage, or of wealth, without their talents, genius, knowledge, or devotion, pointed out a smoother and more flowery path."

But your omission of this is quite in keeping with the *animus* displayed throughout your effu-

sions. What else but an *animus* of the most unbecoming description could have induced you, and those who act with you, to pick up and use the fag-end of an unexplained and simple occurrence as a weapon against me. In a paragraph which appeared in the "Worcester Journal," and which, being headed "advertisement," was therefore paid for as such, a friend of yours took the pains to state "that my name had been ERASED from the list of fellows of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society." By this it was intended to convey the impression that some *disgrace* was attachable to me on the score of such erasure. Now it so happens that every year fellows are *seceding* from the said society from the same cause that I did, namely, absence from England. You know I was abroad several years, and in that state of health which gave me little hope of returning to it: and although I can boast of a tolerably good memory, I, nevertheless, forgot the existence of the society in question — forgot, therefore, to pay the annual fees, and thus ceased to be a member. As for the "erasure," that is all rhodomontade. If there was erasure, it was myself that used the pen. It is still, however, competent for me to sign myself "*late* fellow of

the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society." And as I cannot be present at their meetings to discuss the Water-cure, I shall save the fees; and that *you* will feel is a consideration. But this is a bagatelle, and I only mention it to show how you can daub a plain fact with any colour that may suit your purpose.

Another insinuation made is that the expense of the Water-cure at this place is great. It may be as well to let you and your friends know what the expenses really are, as it will save me answering many inquiries on this head.

The patients resident in my house pay at present four guineas a week, which includes board and lodging, professional attendance, baths, &c. &c. The patients who prefer to remain in lodgings, pay three guineas a week for professional attendance, baths, &c. There are many who cannot afford to pay so much as three guineas a week: and from such I receive two guineas a week: and from many, nothing—for I am not very *exegeant.* (I must not omit to mention that there is also an introductory fee of a guinea; in future it will be two guineas.) Take, for instance, the case of the child who went into "a state of nervous terror" on beholding you: in that case, for about THIRTY VISITS—for I visited the child twice, and

sometimes three times a day, notwithstanding that I had above one hundred patients on my list—I received either *two or three* fees, I forget which. Now, be as communicative to me, and tell me how much you took for your attendance afterwards.

The mention of this case reminds me again of your allusion to "CORONERS' INQUESTS," and also of the number of deaths which have unfortunately occurred at Malvern this summer. Whether any of them were subjects for "*coroners' inquests*" or not, *you* know best; but this I know, that notwithstanding the number of bad cases which come under my care, I had not the misfortune to lose ONE. For a misfortune it would truly have been: for, had there been one death among my patients, that ONE would have been pasted on all the walls in the kingdom, blazoned in every paper you had access to, and have figured in the most prominent part of the "Provincial Medical Journal," with a running commentary from "*the secretary*" for weeks to come. Amongst others, there have been two deaths by apoplexy here, and it was industriously circulated that they had happened under my care, though I had never seen one of the subjects of them, dead or alive. More than this—these *two*, like Falstaff's men in

Kendal-green, augmented, as they went, to *three score.* A friend of mine actually wrote to me from London to ask how many "*I had really killed.*" This is another illustration of the weapons against which I have to contend.

To the *Water-cure*, a new system with every influence exerted against it that prejudice, ignorance, and interested motives can arm, now flock many cases which are dismissed as incurable:—and bad enough many of them truly are. Many who have applied to me were utterly hopeless, and were of course refused. But there were some, as you know, learned doctor, that I did undertake, which a wary and cunning man, alive to the neighbourhood in which I was, would have also refused. Some of these were cured, others ameliorated in a marked degree. Now suppose, for the sake of argument, that *one* solitary and inevitable death *had* occurred, and if you *had* advertised the death in every paper, and pasted it on every wall, still I should have felt no fears for myself or the *Water-cure.* I should still have gone on curing some of your "forlorn cases," and ameliorating the suffering condition of others. It may perhaps console you to learn that I have no SINE-cure in this calling of the "Water-cure:"

for many who come to me with the whole skin like parchment, and with about as much vitality—looking like a *title-deed* to pains and aches—with insides to match,—and only responding to strong drugs and stimulants:—unfortunates who have been for years digging their own graves with their teeth—saturated with mercury,—and with every nerve lacerated by medicinal and mental conflicts: these grumble, and in some instances have been positively angry with me that they were not well in a fortnight. Now there is an interesting point which I will lay before you, and which you may communicate with humane advantage to your friends and hearers. It is this. Let those who find themselves getting out of condition, who are in the first stages of stomach and nervous diseases, try the Water-cure, and they will find their restoration to *perfect* health, a short and galloping business; they will, moreover, learn a valuable secret, namely, *how to keep themselves in health and condition.* Many ask me a droll question enough, and as I shall most likely be often asked it again, I shall give you the answer for them; for, *entre nous,* my great central ganglion is not a little exhausted and irritated by this last summer's answering of questions.

The question I allude to is this: "When we are restored to health by the Water-cure, shall we always remain in that state?" Most likely not; for when you return to town, with its morbid excitements, its politics, heated rooms, and heating meats and drinks, &c. &c. &c., your solids, fluids, and feelings, will become again unhealthy. "What must we do then?" is another question. I answer this by another question; "What do you do with a valuable horse when you have overworked it? Do you not send it again for four or six months to grass, to rest, to nature, and natural remedies? This you do with a valuable horse which has been worked and strained for a year or two, but in your own case, where to the general wear and tear, there has been superadded, mayhap, a long course of the fretting of mental anxiety, you think it a generous indulgence, after many years of accumulating disease, to give up a few weeks to the Water-cure. It is this false economy, this near-sightedness, this saving of weeks and wasting of years, that brings so many fixtures on the doctor's list, that leaves so many families unprovided for, and marks so many grave-stones with a number of years indicating a curtailed existence." I may mention

en passant, that I have received about thirty letters during the last four months from patients who were palsied after apoplexy—some of them so young as thirty-two years, to learn if the Water-cure was likely to benefit their deplorable state. I want to ask you, learned doctor, when and how the hundreds, yea, thousands of apoplexies that occur yearly in this country, are produced? I fear your usual candour will not allow you to explain; therefore, in a future part of "Stomach Complaints and Drug Diseases," I will make it pretty clear to you and all readers that the weapons, that the most formidable of the *weapons* which cause these blows on the head are composed of *metal*, iron, steel, and mercury, in their varied forms—assisted by the enticing forms and flavours of the chemical and kitchen laboratories.

But to return. There is no extravagance too great for spiteful gossip. Sometimes, however, the *on dits* have a more goodnatured hue: as witness the following, which Lord Anglesey was so good as to give me. It appeared in the "Staffordshire Examiner," of October 22nd.

"MEDICAL TREATMENT.—The following paragraph has found its way into several provincial papers:—

"Dr. Wilson, a professor of the hydropathic system, is now at Great Malvern, where he has opened a house for the reception of patients; and from the extraordinary success attending his mode of treatment, *the other medical men in the neighbourhood are not a little annoyed at his location amongst them.* The patient is not only required to take cold water internally, but is absolutely wrapped in wet sheets at night, and walks about enveloped in garments soaked with cold water by day. The doctor boards and lodges his customers in the more serious cases, feeding them with good plain food, but confining them, as far as liquid goes, to 'cold without,' exacting at the same time great exercise upon the hills. It appears to be an admirable system for the chest, for it is asserted that the doctor is realizing not less than 3,000*l.* a week by his fees."

Of this paragraph there is one portion that is perfectly true, which I will leave you to find out. The rest cannot be said to be altogether correct. To show you how ludicrous and unfounded rumours may be, I cannot resist telling you the following, with which I became acquainted by a letter from a friend in London, to congratulate me on having cured my great enemy, the physician at Worcester; for it is currently reported in London, that you had placed yourself under the Water-cure at Malvern, and that your health had been perfectly restored. I immedi-

ately wrote to contradict so absurd a rumour: though I hope the latter part of it is correct.

But should your bodily health evince the same morbid condition which your mental state exhibits, let me refer you to a remarkable passage which I met in the course of my reading, and which, like many other things in that book which are little heeded, contains more wholesome instruction than appears on the surface. In the book of Daniel, 1st chapter, 16th verse, you will find these remarkable words.—"Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat and *water to drink.* Then let our countenance be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat; and as thou seest deal with thy servants. So he consented to them in this matter, and proved them ten days. And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children that did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the *wine that they should drink.*"

Lest you should consider it "*impiety*" to drink water rather than wine, and to follow out the experience and teaching of the prophet, and

lest you should suppose that all good men spurn the Water-cure and the "Water-doctor," I will give you the following impromptu by a gentleman whom I may call my friend, and one as celebrated for his preaching, as he is eminent for his piety and learning, and beloved for his social virtues.

A JET D'EAU.

Impromptu on hearing DR. WILSON *say, that Physic, Food, and Fretting, were the cause of many Diseases.*

Physic, Food, and Fretting,
Brandy, Gin, and Betting,
  Will kill the strongest man alive:
But Water, Air, and Diet,
Domestic Peace, and Quiet,
  Will cause the weakest man to thrive.

For what does Dr. Wilson say?
"Though some may think it only spray,
  The Ocean is the means of Health."
Then use the Springs which filter thence,
And Health secure at small expense,
  The Poor may even here find Wealth.

Thus far the Body is concern'd,
But Souls* we have as we have learn'd,
  From Holy Inspiration.

* Matt. xvi. 26.

That Book speaks much of Water-cure,
The Soul that drinks* may rest full sure
Of Heaven's approbation.

"O Water,"† cried a learned Greek,
(True wisdom was not his to speak,)
"Thou art the source of all best things."
But *we*, the Great Redeemer bless,
Who gives the means, and HIM confess,
In whom are all our Fresh Springs.‡

Then let us use the means with prayer—
Of both these Waters take a share,
For Health and Restoration.
But give the Praise where it is due,§
For good to Soul, and Body too,
Flows from His Great Salvation.‖

Before I send these long, and to you interesting letters, I must not forget the main object of their being written: which was to lay before you and those who read these pages THE RESULTS OF THE WATER-CURE AT MALVERN. These results may be mentioned under several heads, general and special.

And first I will bring under one general head

* John iv. 10, 14.—Rev. xxii. 17. † Ezek. xlvii. 8, 9,
‡ Ps. lxxxvii. 7. Acts xvii. 28. John iii. 16. Romans viii. 32.
§ Ps. cxv. 1. ‖ Heb. ii. 3.

the DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS. In this I found that I had chiefly to contend with the evil consequences of a long-continued purgation,—a habit that had become, in the great majority of instances, A DRUG DISEASE, as inveterate and leading to results as melancholy as could ensue on the equally pernicious habits of the veriest drunkard. Above two hundred persons have left this place with their stomachs and bowels in perfect order; many of whom had been from five to thirty years without an evacuation except that forced by purgative enemas or purgatives taken by the mouth and passed through the entire alimentary canal. This is one great feature of the Water-cure, and the effect I am most proud of: for I know it is the private and never-ceasing annoyance of the majority of my countrymen; the grievance which leads them, with pardonable anxiety, to fly to the very means that ensure a continuation and augmentation of it, namely, purgative and stimulating drugs.

The next general result is the change effected in the sensibility and protective powers of the skin, and the increased power of generating *animal heat.* Arriving here clothed in flannel in the midst of summer, dreading the contact of water,

and even of the summer's breeze, always on the look-out for draughts of air, living in dread of colds, and apprehensive of the approach of winter, they have quitted this place, having thrown off the debilitating flannel, no longer afraid of water, wooing the bracing breeze, and looking forward to winter with the sure anticipation of not only bearing, but enjoying it.

It must strike even the most superficial thinker, doctor, that when so vast a weight of unpleasant sensations and irksome care of the person has been withdrawn by this regulation of the bowels, increased appetite, warmth and tone of the skin, the mind also must participate in the pleasurable sensations, and become more capable of ruling its own thoughts. And such has been another general result of my treatment by the Water-cure.

Leaving the general results, I address myself to the individual diseases. And I will first of all mention

GOUT,

as the first case I treated here was one of that disease. The subject of it was Mr. Probert, formerly an innkeeper in this place and now a carrier to Worcester. You know him very well, learned

doctor, I dare say. I could not very well have had a worse case with which to commence operations and open my campaign. He is sixty-four years old, and suffered with gout for more than thirty years; he had undergone a variety of very violent systems of treatment, with the hope of a cure. I found him thin, nearly jaundiced, and looking very haggard; his breathing was asthmatic; he had a stomach complaint which caused constant pain; his rest was disturbed every night with constant cramps in the legs.

After the second day's treatment, the pain and swelling had left his elbows, wrists, and hands, and centered in the second finger of the left hand. The feet and knees were also much relieved. The third day he was able to walk about; the cramps were completely gone, and the difficult breathing and pain in the stomach much ameliorated. On the fourth day he went to Worcester (the weather being wet and blowing) without my permission, but it did not cause a relapse. In less than ten days he walked perfectly well, with a clear face and a fresh rosy colour, in fact, not looking like the same man; and he had a general feeling of health and strength. He has been going to Worcester

regularly ever since, and taking little care of himself.

Case second. Mr. Adams, the plumber and glazier, of this place, hearing of Probert's case, sent for him, to make sure there was no danger, and then sent for me.

I found him labouring under a severe attack of gout, the feet and hands very much swollen, and he complained of not having slept for several nights. He told me he had suffered severely from gout for more than twelve years; twice a year he had been laid up from two to three months with it, and "it had made him walk nearly two-double." I told him I hoped he would be out in a few days; at which he looked incredulous, saying, "I expect this will be a six weeks' business." This visit was on Saturday night:—the next Monday he was out walking. And on Tuesday was out on the hills, looking for streams of water for me. Since then, now nearly four months, he has been quite well.

A curious circumstance with reference to this case is worthy to be related. He pointed out to me the forefinger of the right hand, which had been straight and completely stiff six or seven years, without the least movement in it, so that he worked

his hammer with only three fingers. In less than three weeks he used this with the rest of the fingers in grasping the hammer. Since he commenced the treatment, he has not taken a grain or drop of medicine of any kind; and his stomach and bowels are in perfect order. Previously to this treatment he was constantly obliged to take purgatives in large doses. This regularity of the stomach and bowels may always be looked for as a result of the Water-cure: the time of being satisfactorily established, varying according to the complication of maladies to be contended with. But the patient is always surprised that this independence of purgatives is established so soon.

RHEUMATISM.

Soon after the occurrence of the last-named case, Mrs. Grimley of this place came to me to know if I could do anything for her father, who, she said, was seventy-five years old. She added, that for two years he had had no sleep at night, and but slight rest during the day, from pain. I went with her to see him, and found him in the following state;

The chin was bent down upon the breast-bone, and the head nearly touching the knees, which,

together with the ankles, elbows, and wrists, were bent and stiffened. In short, he was completely crippled, and could do nothing for himself. There was also considerable rheumatic pain in the nape of the neck. After a week's treatment his joints were nearly free from pain, and his nights were accompanied with refreshing sleep. For six weeks after this, the treatment went on, but very irregularly, there being great neglect on the part of those who nursed him. Notwithstanding which, he got into a state which enabled him to dress and undress himself, to sleep all night without pain, and to walk about with unlooked for freedom of limb. I more particularly mention this case on account of the advanced age of the patient and the perfectly crippled state I found him in. It may therefore stand, *exempli gratiâ*, for many other rheumatic cases I have had of a far less unpromising kind.

NEURALGIC RHEUMATISM.

This is an interesting case, learned doctor. The patient is a lady of the good old city of Worcester—a town-woman of yours. She complained to me "that for years she had been affected with severe pain that occupied the whole

right side of the covering of the head, and sometimes extended down the neck to the collar-bone of that side. It was generally worse at night, during which no sleep was obtained until morning." Her nervous system was completely undermined by it, so that when ordinarily addressed in common conversation, she would burst into a fit of hysterical crying. Her appetite was quite gone, and she had all the symptoms of long-continued indigestion.

After three weeks' treatment, she returned to her husband nearly entirely relieved of all her morbid symptoms. She continued the treatment at home as well as she could: and a fortnight after drove over to see me. She was in high spirits, boasting of an excellent appetite, and good rest at night.

SUPPOSED CONSUMPTION, &c.

When I arrived at Malvern, my attention was drawn to a lady whose friends, I understood, conceived her to be dying of pulmonary consumption: and such indeed the more superficial symptoms would lead one to suppose to be the case. She was daily thinning, and her outward appearance altogether was very hopeless. She had constant

pain in the chest, short cough, and spitting of blood. On examining the chest, I found a little hardening at the upper part of the left lung, and in one portion of it a sound (called *broncophony*) indicating an enlargement of an air-tube, which is sometimes mistaken for a small abscess. The remainder of the pulmonary tissue was sufficiently healthy. But the main disease and the real cause of consumption was found in the lower end of the stomach and duodenum, where a chronic and obstinate inflammation was going on. The characters of this disease were well marked. I never saw the peculiar yellow patches on the face that accompany it, more distinctly marked. Withal, there was great depression of spirits and inability to exert herself in any way. She made little blood, and that of a bad kind: and all her secretions were more or less depraved.

I was not at all sanguine as to the result of this case, and so I told her friends. But I am happy to say that she is now in a state which gives every hope of her ultimate recovery. For she can walk about in all weathers: she rises early, enters into society: her spirits have recovered: and the more prominent symptoms of her complaints have disappeared. Her friends

and herself are more than satisfied with the change that has been wrought in her, and she has now returned to them.

Case second.—The Reverend ——, about thirty-six years of age, supposed himself consumptive, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could convince him that he had not a decided chest complaint, as he had tried all kinds of remedies in vain. His first consultation with me was more particularly to know what warm climate I would recommend to him for the winter, as he found himself unable to continue his duties.

I found him in the following state. He had a short hacking cough: he was sensitive to a degree to changes of temperature, which induced him to clothe as thickly as possible with flannel. Headache and indigestion were constant symptoms: stomach and bowels always out of order, and he was highly nervous. He could scarcely be induced by his friends and myself to try the Water-cure, entertaining an excessive fear of the contact of cold water. I put him through a gentle course of treatment, and he progressed rapidly.

After a few weeks he returned home, and pursued such part of the treatment as was practicable and compatible with his arduous duties. These duties

he now performs with ease and cheerfulness. My friend Mr. W. Whitmore informed me a few days ago, that this patient is gaining strength every day, that he looks forward to the dreaded winter with pleasure, and that he is the wonder of the neighbourhood.

Cases of this kind are frequently met with on the continent, where the subjects of them go in search of health. At Rome I saw many such, and amongst them a number of clergymen going on from bad to worse, the appetite decreasing, the strength lapsing, the tone of the skin becoming less and less. These cases often commencing in mental work and irritation, lead on to derangement of the stomach and bowels, are accompanied with stomach cough and extreme readiness to take cold, and not unfrequently terminate in substantial disease of the lungs:—a conclusion which I may candidly tell you, learned doctor, is never prevented by the system of drug remedying they too often go through, which, on the contrary, leads to hotter rooms, warmer clothing, more stimulating drinks, and additional chilliness and debility. It is really quite melancholy to see many of them in Italy—far from their friends and their occupation—shivering at the bare

thought of the bracing and healthy winter of their native isle, and feeling actually more cold than their countrymen on the banks of the Thames.

STOMACH COMPLAINT WITH DISEASED LIVER.

Captain R——, past his fiftieth year, who had seen considerable service as a military man, and who became afterwards a merchant in London, consulted me there for the following train of symptoms.

His face was a strange mixture of chalky white and yellow, with a care-worn look, and the skin hung upon, rather than adhered, to the muscles underneath: in fact, it was the true wrinkling of a purgative-pill taker. He was alternately desponding and irritable, and found his business becoming excessively irksome. He complained of pain in the right side, of capricious appetite, and the impossibility of doing without purgatives. He was determined to try the Water-cure and continue his business at the same time; an attempt the futility of which I pointed out to him. He essayed it, however; and by the time he had done so, for some weeks, I had established myself at Malvern. He wrote to me, stating that he was

going on very badly; in consequence of which I told him to desist or come down here; and he did so shortly afterwards.

In five weeks he left this place a changed man; for his complexion had become natural, his flesh firm, his stomach and bowels in admirable order, and his mind clear and cheerful. And I hear that he still continues well, and "that his faith in the Water-cure is unbounded."

There was an interesting feature in the progress of his treatment. For the first twelve or fourteen days, he threw up the water he drank while on the hill, before breakfast. I, therefore, directed him, as he vomited without effort, to go on drinking until he retained four or five tumblers. On an average he rejected the first twenty tumblers, perfectly saturated with blackish bile. After the third morning his appetite for breakfast became that of a healthy man; he digested this meal as also the others in the day, easily and completely. He slept well all night, and next morning he began again, to use his own words, "to throw up the bilge-water, wondering where it could all come from." His power of exertion returned rapidly under the general treatment to which he was subjected, and after the

fourteenth day, he could drink any quantity without the least inclination to reject it.

Now I ask you, learned doctor, whether, if this patient had been sickened with ipecacuanha, or his stomach cleared with warm water, he could sit down, half an hour afterwards, with a merry face, and the appetite of a ploughman to eat a hearty breakfast?

STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINT, WITH DEPRESSED MIND AND LETHARGY.

Mr. ——, after great parliamentary fatigue, came here complaining of all the symptoms of indigestion that accompany disorder of the stomach, liver, and bowels: in addition to which, there was extreme depression of mind, and a general lethargic condition and indisposition to use mental or bodily exertion. He regretted his inability to join in and enjoy field sports, to which he was much attached.

After three weeks' treatment, I gave him permission to join a shooting party, on condition that he wore the wet compress and dry bandage on the stomach, and pursued some of the processes upon which he had already entered. A short time ago I heard that he was in robust health,

and his complexion changed, that he still in some measure followed up my injunctions, and "could walk down the best man in the field." All this was done without a grain of physic, and before this it might be said that "Physic was his food."

RHEUMATISM.

Colonel —— came into this neighbourhood for his September shooting, but, in a few days, was so severely attacked with rheumatism in the lower part of the back, the groins and legs, as to oblige him to give up all his sporting engagements, and lay himself up. The same thing had occurred to him in several previous years, and had confined him more or less during the winter. When I saw him he complained of great and incessant pain: and when he attempted to walk, he was nearly bent double.

During the first fortnight that I treated him, the pain, though severe when present, became intermittent, and there were intervals when he could walk straight. Still there was every appearance of its being one of those obstinate cases, which usually baffle all treatment. He was a good patient, however, and stuck to the plan of treatment I laid down for him, with perseverance.

Before five weeks from the commencement were over, all pain was gone, both in the trunk and limbs; and he was able to walk as well as ever A few days ago I met him at a *battue chasse*, Lord Beauchamp's, at Maddersfield, where he took his share with us in killing a great many pheasants; and although the day turned out very wet, he stood it out, laughing at the idea of a return of rheumatism. His general health and appearance also underwent a very marked change for the better; indeed, his health may be said to be perfect.

TIC DOULOUREUX.

Soon after settling in Malvern, I was sent for, at seven in the morning, to see a clergyman, who had arrived on the previous night from London to put himself under my care. He told me that, for more than six years, he had suffered incessantly from violent tic, which had completely undermined his health. The tic affected more particularly the right leg and thigh, and on sundry occasions he had been laid up several weeks with intense accompanying erysipelas of the whole leg, reaching above the knee.

I found him in one of these attacks of tic and

erysipelas, caused by the journey from London hither. He was in excruciating pain, and every minute grasped the leg with violence. His face was shrunk and sallow, and gave the expression of intense anguish. His tongue was as bad as it could be, and indicated internal disease of long standing. Altogether, his condition was one of great disorder: such as might well deter a medical man from promising any considerable amendment.

By the steady and vigorous application of the Water-cure, he was relieved from pain in twenty-four hours, and in a few days was out walking. The last attack he had had similar to this had laid him up for several weeks. In fact, he had been in that state for several years in London, that when he ventured out to an evening party, he was obliged to sit with a shawl thrown over his legs, as the least draft of air brought on the tic, both in the leg and different parts of the body.

For six weeks he had no return of tic, and he got into that condition that he could walk six miles before breakfast, and face all weathers. At the end of that time he talked of returning to London, but I told him he had full six or twelve months' work before him in following up the treatment, to ensure a *perfect* restoration of

health, and a *complete* cure of the tic. Before returning home, he went to Worcester, not feeling very well at the time, and there he played some additional tricks with himself, and among these, eating a quantity of oysters, without any other food, making them serve for his dinner. The very thing to bring on erysipelas. The next day the erysipelas appeared again on his legs, almost as bad as before; but it was subdued with greater facility than the first time, and in a few days he went to London. I have heard since that he is daily gaining ground, and now, after having been incapacitated for his calling for more than six years, is looking out for the means "of returning to his labours in the vineyard."

These cases, learned doctor, taken at random, will, I think, be sufficient to convince even your anxious spirit that the Water-cure, when practised by those who have studied it, and *who have also studied the human body in its diseased states*, is a system which will bear the test both of inquiry and practice. I purpose, some of these days, to do myself the honour of dedicating to you a small

volume of detailed cases, wherein you will see how many times the *douche* was used, how many times the *sweating process*, when the *sitz* bath was ordered, in what circumstances the *wet sheet* was applied, what quantity and how water was drank, and other particulars with which it would become you and others, who open mouth on the Water-cure, to be acquainted, before you venture to pass your *impartial* opinion on it.

For myself it may be said, that I am somewhat *partial* to the Water-cure, having passed so much time in its study, and having experienced its curative results in my own person—indeed, it is having *felt* its operation during fifteen months in a great variety of diseased states, and having *witnessed* the same results on many hundred persons, that gives me that comfort and confidence in the treatment of others.

Perhaps the interest you have taken in me would make you curious to know what was really the matter with me, when I went to the Water-cure; need I say that it is a pleasure to gratify you?

After living from six to seven years in hospitals and anatomical rooms, and not attending very particularly to eating and *drinking*, I esta-

blished the first stage of a stomach complaint. This was confirmed by about the same period, spent in an extensive private practice, with the same want of attention to diet, &c. When I left London, my stomach would scarcely digest anything. I had tic douloureux, and a skin disease on both legs, which, by way of consolation, in the last consultation I had in London, a physician told me I might expect to see spread all over the body, for there was a slight appearance of it already in the skin under the whiskers. I spent about four years on the continent, passing the winters in Italy, and the summers in Germany—every year becoming worse. During the winter I wore two pairs of flannel drawers —ditto waistcoats—and a great-coat —and was always on the look out for draughts and colds. For eighteen months before I went to Graefenberg, I had on an average rejected my dinner four times a week; but without sickness, and merely from its *weight*, and the malaise it caused. I tried dieting, leeching, small plasters, and ointments, and lotions of every description. I visited all the capitals of Europe, and consulted the leading men in them.

I was altogether fifteen months under treatment

by the Water-cure, before the skin disease was completely removed—nine of these months very actively, at Graefenberg. When I left Preissnitz I was robust instead of a skeleton—my tic and skin disease were gone, and I had the appetite and digestion of a ploughman. Whilst in a crisis there, the town of Friwaldow was on fire. I was out all night wet, &c.: this brought on a violent fever. I treated myself with wet sheets, &c., and I *felt* the water cure. I had afterwards intense jaundice from the passage of gall stones, and I again felt the benign influence of the Water-cure. I have felt it since in being able to undergo labour that I was never before capable of, and I shall feel it to my last day as one of the greatest blessings that modern times has given to ailing man.

Having thus given you a great deal more information about the Water-cure and myself than you really deserve, there still remain some remarks that should be made for your edification: and so bountiful am I, that I cannot refrain from bestowing them also upon you.

It is ever the profession of the medical body that they desire to throw no obstacles in the way of any discovery that might prolong the days, augment the health and happiness, and cure with

greater certainty the maladies of the human race. I would fain believe this profession to be sincere. But when I see them, without inquiring into the principles and with a total ignorance of the details and effects of the Water-cure, fall foul of it and its practices, I have no alternative but to mistrust the good faith of the professors. And this is further pressed upon me by the discrepant anathemas they hurl against it.

Some denounce it as utterly inert, as altogether incompetent to remove deep-rooted or intense disease, and *therefore* as unfit to take the place of drugs. Now, whatever may be the actual powers of the Water-cure (and I shall refer to them presently) in eradicating complicated and long-established disease, it passes both patience and jest to hear drugs held up as the only eradicators. Take the instance of that chronic inflammation of the stomach, duodenum, and liver, which constitutes the most common form of deeply-rooted indigestion. Can any practitioner assert with truthfulness and honesty that he has ever *cured* such a case by the employment of drugs? For my part, I candidly confess never to have so cured one—never to have seen it so cured, or to have heard any practitioner say that he had been so fortunate. For years I

was myself the subject of this complaint, and could neither get rid of it myself, nor could any one for me, although the pharmacopœia was well searched for remedies. But suppose this complaint to have continued so long as, by the bad digestion of food, to have vitiated the fluids of the body, to have established a diseased state of the brain and the skin, to have produced, in short, universal disorder in the system,—will any one have the face to tell me that drugs have ever or will ever *cure* the formidable and complicated mischief? Strange to say, however, the "inert and incompetent" Water-cure removes this class of disease in a manner that often astonishes the patients in them. I can understand and easily explain how drugs act as a *cause*, or a means of adding to the diseased state in these instances, but as a *curing remedy*—!—it really is preposterous to name it. It is a mere custom and a fallacy.

Others there are who, like yourself, cry "mad dog," "quackery," &c., and strive to frighten people by *awful* insinuations about the "danger" of the Water-cure, or *gentle* hints that "it is not so safe a remedy as it is supposed." This is very hard dealing. The Water-cure cannot be both inert and dangerous; it cannot, as this implies, be both

negatively and positively unsafe. A word on either assertion.

They who talk about the *inertness* of the Water-cure discover a wonderful share of ignorance of it, and of the human body to which it is applied. It is, in fact, a mode of treatment whose results are more extraordinary than any that drugs can lay claim to. For example, how astounded you must have been when you found the three or four tumblers of water before breakfast which you so wisely ordered (see ante, p. 36) produce spasm of the stomach and cramp of the belly for the rest of the day! How astonished would you be to find tumbler after tumbler rejected as acid as vinegar! How astounded would you be to find a wet-sheet *bath* produce a regular bilious attack! How amazed to behold a tooth-ache or head-ache yielding to a foot-bath and friction! How astonished to witness the cure of a dangerous inflammation in the time it would take your gig to carry you from Worcester to Malvern! How utterly confounded to find the stomach and bowels getting into perfect order after thirty years physicking! No, no, doctor: believe me they who talk about the "inertness" of the Water-cure are themselves too "inert" to inquire into it: they imagine people will take their word for it.

Regarding the *danger* or *safety* of the Water-cure, it may be said of it, as of all powerful agents, that all depends on the judgment used in its employment. On the one hand, we have the proof of its safety in the fact that many uninstructed persons have practised it on themselves without any serious results. But, on the other hand, it should be shown that the cases are not a few in which such attempts might be hazardous:—the case of the patient, for instance, to whom you gave the tumblers of water before breakfast, (pardon my frequent allusion to this, but it does really come so apropos to everything that is absurd and ignorant.) It would, moreover, be hazardous for a patient having strong tendency of blood to the head, or substantial mischief about the heart, to try his hand on his own case. Of either condition, he is not likely to be himself the judge: he cannot be acquainted with the oftentimes small indications that lead to the knowledge of the existence of either. Hence it is that I am especially chary of recommending a plan of treatment by the Water-cure to those whom I cannot see: or of holding any responsibility regarding those who think fit to treat themselves after leaving Malvern. It is a responsibility which no one ought to wish to impose upon me

and which I will not in any case hear. Whilst they are under my immediate superintendence, I will readily hold myself responsible for the *complete safety* of the Water-cure in *all* instances that are submitted to me: beyond this no reasonable person should desire to impose upon me.

Thus, with reference to the "inertness," the "danger," and the "safety," of the Water-cure, we must arrive at the conclusions: 1st, that it is *powerful, safe,* and *beneficial* when applied by those who have seen, studied, *felt,* and appreciated it, and who, to do the latter, *understand the human body and its diseased states;* and 2nd, that, inasmuch as it is a powerful treatment, it is likely to be either *dangerous* or *useless* when applied by those whose *limited comprehensions and contracted notions* of health and disease, lead neither to the study nor application of it: by such, for instance, as yourself, learned doctor. I should quake for the patient who allowed *you* to employ the Water-cure to his case.

Another piece of edification I have to bestow on you is the information that your scurrility and abuse have had an extraordinary, and to you no doubt unlooked for, effect, on that "strange production called the Water-cure." My publisher

writes to me to say that four editions of it are sold, and that in consequence of increasing demands for it, a fifth is immediately wanted. In fact, learned doctor, you have been benevolent without wishing or intending to be so; you have saved my publisher vast expenses in advertising the work, by being yourself a *walking, talking, scribbling advertisement*, — a veritable *homme affiché*. You will no doubt perceive, learned doctor, with your usual penetration, that this interesting discovery has not been thrown away upon me. You are, in truth, a valuable person, and

"I could better spare a better man."

Alas! that, in the midst of the grateful feeling with which your kind offices were just now inspiring me, I should have it marred by recalling the following severe strictures in the pages of the Provincial Medical Journal, from your candid and generous pen. You state that in that abominable book, the Water-cure,

"*The reader will find it stated that a physician in Edinburgh, by his medicines, caused cancer of the stomach. Now I will beg to ask what are the evidences, medical or non-medical, that a physician in modern Athens not only could not cure a cancer of the stomach, but had even occasioned it in* TWO *instances and killed* BOTH *his miserable patients? These are very grave charges, which*

the author of them should be prepared to substantiate, or he will otherwise be despised as A FOUL LIBELLER AND MISERABLE CHARLATAN."

"Foul libeller and miserable charlatan ! ! !" Hard words these, learned doctor: a proposition in which I shall be joined by every reader of these pages who has or may read my "Water-cure." *Literæ scriptæ manent:* my words are still in print, and if any one except yourself can find TWO cases of "*cancer of the stomach,*" *(you might as well have said a* DOZEN, *learned doctor, while you were about it,)* in my Water-cure, I will consent to drink a bottle of wine a day, and never again to taste a drop of water, which would soon rid you of the "water doctor." And if any one except yourself can find it, as you assert, stated in my book that I attribute the origination of *cancer of the stomach,* or its inevitably fatal termination, to "a physician, of Modern Athens," I will consent—to give up the Water-cure—and acknowledge that I and not you are a "foul libeller and miserable charlatan."

But this and even much more I could easily have forgiven, had you let the *wet-sheet* escape your blind and perverted detraction. I really could be almost angry with you for this—for endeavouring to throw a damper over the invaluable wet-sheet,

which I tell you again will prove itself, and in a few short years be acknowledged by all our profession to be, one of the greatest and most valuable discoveries of the original and prolific genius of Priessnitz.

But away with anger and bile-generating feelings; let me return to the pleasing subject of my obligations to you. As you have, though unwittingly, played the part of advertiser *en chef* to the *Water-cure*, I had purposed that you should likewise confer another obligation, by making a communication for me to MR. EARLE, of Cheltenham, who, you most likely know, has done me the honour to notice the Water-cure and myself in a wonderously absurd effusion, in a late number of the Cheltenham Chronicle. I was made acquainted with it by a friend who sent me the paper, having previously written the ominous word "ignoramus" under the learned author's signature. On this effusion, which is not without personalities, I had intended to offer you, as in "duty" bound, some comments; but the following reply by a patient of mine, (one of the "*incorrigible dupes and monomaniacs,*") will, probably, please you better: for I cannot but think that *my* commentaries on *yourself* are quite as much as you desire or deserve to have.

HYDROPATHY.

To the Editor of the Cheltenham Chronicle.

SIR,—I feel assured that, so long as the *Cheltenham Chronicle* remains under the management of its present proprietor, *audi alteram partem* will always be one of the maxims upon which it will be conducted; I therefore scarcely need apologise to you for begging the insertion of this letter in your next number; more especially as the subject of it is of great importance to the community at large, and, as I imagine, to your town in particular. Having recently returned from Malvern, where my health received great benefit from the hydropathic treatment of Dr. Wilson, it was with considerable interest, and no small degree of amusement, that I perused Mr. Earle's communication on the water-cure, contained in your journal of Thursday last. On first reading it I came to the conclusion, that Loretto was the name of some new bathing establishment in the town, of which Mr. Earle was the proprietor; I was, therefore, disposed to regard his production only as a "carefully prepared" advertisement, as the apothecaries say. I found, however, on inquiry, that Mr. Earle is a surgeon practising in Cheltenham, and that Loretto is the shrine from which he dispenses, to the devotees of our lady of medicine, the blessings and indulgences of calomel and antimony, of salts and senna.

I shall not attempt to fight the battles of Dr. Wilson, nor shall I, to use your correspondent's own phrase, "comment on the style and tone" of Mr. Earle's letter. But, in justice to that gentleman, I may remark that he has evinced a very prudent silence on that point; doubtless he is of opinion, with *Falstaff*, that "the better part of valour is discretion;" and that when an apothecary presumes to speak of one part of the practice of a physician, as "a mere delusion, put forward in the true spirit of quackery, for the purpose of misleading inquiry;" and of another part as a "coarse, blundering, German, method;" he can have but little right indeed to comment on that physician's "style and tone," even if they were severely applied to himself.

Mr. Earle's object seems to have been twofold; he has endeavoured to explain in some degree the practice of the water-cure, and also the principle on which it operates; but on both these points he shall speak for himself. He says that "in all cases, whether by the wet sheet

rubbing with wet hands, the shallow bath, the sitting bath, the hip bath, &c. &c., in all and every one of them, the following principle is apparent; namely, that, whether tepid or quite cold, the water is applied in such a manner, and for such a length of time only, as may, with the greatest probability, or almost certainty, be succeeded by reaction; and that the subsequent progress of the treatment consists in pushing the reaction to the extent of perspiration; which, however, is checked and prevented from going so far as to produce weakness, by the reapplication of cold." It is manifest from this extract, that Mr. Earle supposes the patient is bathed first, sweated afterwards, and then bathed again! Now, I defy Mr. Earle to produce a single patient labouring under chronic disease, who has been so treated. The practice is exactly the reverse; for, in all such cases, if sweating be had recourse to at all, the patient is first sweated, and then bathed.

In another part of his letter, he says, with equal temerity of assertion, and, if possible, still more palpable ignorance of the subject, that "the water-cure, thus made easy, and stripped of its marvellousness, is simply a judicious system of sweating steadily persevered in, and nothing more." Simply a judicious system of sweating is it, Mr. Earle? what then becomes of that powerful instrument, the Douche? what of the plunge bath, the wannen bath, the sitz bath, and all the other means of producing, not sweating, but its opposite? Again, let me inform Mr. Earle, that all these succeed, and do not precede sweating, as he has represented. Besides Mr. Earle makes reference to water-drinking, which alone would constitute the treatment something more than a judicious system of sweating only. But what will Mr. Earle say for himself, and what will your readers think, when I inform them, that patients are cured every day in hydropathic establishments, without any sweating at all!

A few words now on Mr. Earle's "true principle" of the water-cure. It is of course to be presumed of Mr Earle, as of every other gentleman who has "passed the college," that he knows the difference in the meaning of the words principle and practice; yet, from the circumstance of his having written to you after dinner; from the expectation that his letter would be read only at that indulgent period of the day; or because he had forgotten his school learning,—Mr. Earle seems completely to have mistaken the one for the other; and that too at the very moment when he was enunciating a great truth, and communicating a grand discovery to mankind; when, to use his own words, he was

unfolding a "true principle which had never yet been pointed out," and which Dr. Wilson had shown great anxiety to conceal; when he was laying bare, in short, the "true secret of Priessnitz's success!"

It is apparent from the passage first quoted, that Mr. Earle's great discovery is simply this, that "reaction," or, as he also calls it, "judicious sweating," (for he makes them identical,) is the true principle of the water-cure I have not had the advantage of what is called a medical education, but I fancy I can very plainly see that sweating is only a means, and not a principle, of cure; and that reaction, whether it be sweating or any other result of the water treatment, can also be nothing more than a means, and not a principle of cure. The principle of cure must surely be the *modus operandi* of the entire treatment upon the diseased organs; it is a palpable confounding of terms to say the principle of cure is drinking water, sweating, bathing, reaction, or crisis. These are only means, or stages in the process of cure; the principle of cure, whatever it be, consists in the mode in which these several means effect the restoration of health. Before I conclude my observations on this point, let me inform Mr. Earle that no word is more familiarly used in hydropathic establishments than "reaction;" and that the meaning of it has been explained by at least twenty English and foreign writers, before Mr. Earle attempted to pluck off the wreath of Priessnitz, or to deprive Dr. Wilson's water of its magic!

Two inferences must inevitably be drawn from the preceding observations; first, that Mr. Earle knows nothing about, or wilfully misrepresents the theory and practice of the water-cure; and, secondly, that he does not know the difference between a remedial agent and a curative principle.

Your correspondent also says, "It is quite certain that the free use of cold water, on which so much stress is laid, can have no other office or operation than that just mentioned," namely, to promote perspiration. What, Mr. Earle, have you yet to learn too, that cold water, drank freely, generally acts as an aperient; and invariably, and mechanically, as a diuretic? Is it not also mixed with the blood, and circulated throughout the system, after it has deen received into the stomach? How then can it be asserted that water "can have no other office or operation" than as a sudorific? But when Mr. Earle talks of the negative properties of cold water, as contradistinguished from those of the sweatments and bonbons of his own laboratory, he omits to state that there are many diseases, as I myself but too well know, for which they can do less than nothing. "Canst

thou administer to a mind diseased," Mr. Earle? or to an old deep-seated rheumatism; to confirmed tic douloureux, or a thousand other of the ills that flesh is heir to?

> "What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
> Can scour these *ailments* hence?"

Why your pills and your potions are impotent in these cases; and the patient derives about as much benefit from them as Sir Harcourt Lees would from extreme unction.

Having myself been subjected to most of the perspiring processes, without in any way, as I hope, compromising my character as a gentleman, I think I am entitled to make a few remarks upon the last sentence of Mr. Earle's letter; in which he speaks of the hydropathic means of sweating as "a coarse, blundering, German method," and of "the gentlemanlike mode" recommended by himself. I think, for the reasons already shown, and many others, the writer of the letter signed "J. W. Earle," should have hesitated to apply the word blundering, in that letter, to any body or any thing. As an illustration of the "gentlemanlike" method of practice adopted at the Lorettos or Lazarettos of the modern practitioners of the healing art, permit me to state my own experience of its operation. On my return from a warmer climate, about twenty years ago, I felt a slight pain in the right side and arm, and perhaps my complexion had a shade more of the golden hue than was becoming. But still I was a hale stout man, and but little out of sorts. I made a short pilgrimage on foot to the Loretto of the district, and received at the hands of the ministering priest two pills and a draught, with directions to call again in two days time. I did so, but found it convenient to walk with a stick—*the cure was beginning.* I then obtained four pills and two draughts, which continued the process a couple of days longer; at the end of that time I called again upon the disciple of Esculapius, but was then conveyed to his residence in a wheel chair—*THE CURE WAS PROGRESSING.* I received, of course, more pills and more draughts, with the recommendation that I had better remain at home in future, to avoid cold, the doctor kindly promising to visit me there in a couple of days. He did so, and found my breath as fetid, and my strength and spirits as much depressed as he could reasonably desire—*THE CURE WAS STILL PROGRESSING.* At his next visit he had the satisfaction to find all my teeth loosened, the saliva running involuntarily from my mouth, and my whole system completely shaken and prostrated—*THE CURE WAS THEN PROGRESSING RAPIDLY.* I remained

in this state some weeks, when the drugs were changed for others equally disgusting, but less poisonous. This was, I have no doubt, medically speaking, a very "gentlemanlike mode" of treatment; but, whether the "true principle" of its gentility lay in the purging, the fetid breath, the loosened teeth, or the continuous expectoration; or whether these "can only be regarded as *adjuvantia*," or *delectantia*, I will not anticipate Mr. Earle by deciding. But with what grace can a man who holds in one hand the sanguinary lancet, while with the other he dispenses assafœtida, and ammonia, alberm græcum, and castoreum; with what grace, I say, can such a man speak of the cure of diseases by pure water, as coarse and ungentlemanlike?

Mr. Earle goes on to say the vapour bath will effect the same object as hydropathic sweating;—what, then, will the operation of warm vapour upon the surface of the body, for a quarter of an hour, be precisely the same with regard to the internal organs, as a gradual process of self-generated perspiration, continued from two to four hours? I venture to believe, in spite of the dictum of Mr. Earle, that the results might be as different as those of the sweating blanket are to those of the cold bath.

In conclusion, I beg to suggest to Mr. Earle, that the next time his mind is, as he says, "in a fertile state" on this subject, he should sow the seeds of experience before he can hope to produce a crop of wisdom; and that he should himself witness the great and beneficent results which the water cure daily produces; after that he will not venture to assert that all its benefits "may be obtained in any town where a proper establishment of baths is maintained." I would also recommend that he should himself experience the practice of hydropathy, in his own person, before he again attempts to explain its theory; a piece of advice very appositely enforced by Ben Jonson in the passage—

"He who would write a living line must *sweat*."

I beg to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

PEREGRINUS.

Lansdown, Oct. 31, 1842.

To these well-framed remarks, for which I really do not know whom to thank, I would add two or three of my own, to fill up the gap which the com-

plaisant humour of the writer has caused him to make. I intend them as private and valuable hints to Mr. Earle, (or, as he would call them, *adjuvantia*,) for a forthcoming water establishment. Whilst one may agree with Mr. Earle, as to the ungentlemanlike process of sweating in a blanket, and the gentlemanlike and *recherche* mode he recommends of sweating in steam, does he not think it would be a very great improvement in the *same direction* to add a little *pink champagne* to the boiling water, with a small quantity of tincture of *heartsease*, a dash of *millefleurs*, and a twang of *bouquet de rose?* With these he might commence an establishment with every certainty of success: for even supposing the disease of the patient not to be any better, the patient and the doctor would have the vast consolation that the sweating had been conducted on an undeniably "*gentlemanlike*" principle, without any remorse at having undergone the "coarse and German method" of sweating in blankets.*

* It may be as well to state in this place, that it is necessary for each patient to provide himself with a pair of large blankets and a pair of linen sheets; and the best for the purpose are those called strong servant's sheeting, the length of which should be not more than six feet: otherwise, they prove an incumbrance. The patient, having once gone through the

As Mr. Earle may, *par hazard*, purpose to practise some kind of Water-cure, and as you have been nibbling at it, and as it is possible you may yet form a partnership concern, which I certainly would advise you to do, let me give you a serious hint on the subject of *adjuvantia*, on which you both harp. Let drug-giving and drug-taking be good, bad, or indifferent *per se*, of one thing be assured, — they will not bear mixing with water or the Water-cure. As well might you try to mix *fire and water* as *physic and water*, —they are incompatible; for imagine for a moment the fearful effect of continued internal irritation by drugs, and external stimulation by water going on at the same time in a diseased body, disturbing every effort which nature is attempting to make, for her own restoration, and keeping up a state of conflict and anarchy in every function of that body. To bring it within the range and scope of your deeply physiological understanding, I would merely picture to you the state of a patient who should take a cold bath

Water-cure, and having more or less learned its mode of application to himself, will find these articles always useful as a species of medicine-chest, not much more cumbersome, and far less expensive, than the mahogany boxes in common usage.

after sweating, whilst "*mercury and chalk*," calomel and jalap, senna and salts, croton oil and cubebs, castor oil and colocynth, were causing an internal torrent from the sensitive mucous membrane: or who should vainly endeavour to reduce the feverish condition of the external surface, and tranquillize the excited nervous system by any of the operations of the Water-cure, whilst the scalding spirits of wine of the stimulating tinctures of the pharmacopœia—the laudanum, the hartshorn, the valerian, castor, gentian, iron, &c. &c.—were maintaining an internal flame. Woe to the patient who should permit himself to be the victim of such unphilosophical and unsafe practice as this, under the specious and unfounded notion that water can be made merely one of the "*adjuvantia !*"; as all of your "*tribe*" would naturally desire it should be considered.

FOR IT IS A LAW WHICH GOVERNS THE OPERATIONS OF WATER, TO BRING ALL MORBID ACTION TO THE SURFACE OF THE BODY, AND THUS SPARE THOSE VITAL ORGANS WHOSE DISEASE WOULD ENDANGER THE LIFE OF THE INDIVIDUAL. ON THE OTHER HAND, IT IS EQUALLY A LAW WHICH GOVERNS THE OPERATION OF INTERNAL DRUG REMEDIES TO CONCENTRATE ALL DISEASED ACTION ON

THOSE ORGANS, MAKING ONE SUFFER FOR ANOTHER, OR, IF ALL BE IN A MORBID TUMULT, AUGMENTING THAT TUMULT, AND PARALYSING OR THWARTING EVERY EFFORT OF NATURE TO RETURN TO THE HARMONY OF HEALTH.

And now methinks, learned doctor, I have opened your eyes to a variety of facts, which the wilful obliquity of your mental vision has hitherto prevented you from fully observing and appreciating. Whilst I have condescended (being indeed forced to it) to employ some of the weapons which you have so profusely drawn from the armoury of scurrility and ridicule, I will not conclude without an expression of regret that the opinion I had once been induced to form of you as a dignified member of an honourable profession, should have been so wofullly overthrown by the uncalled for, unprovoked, undignified and unprofessional manner in which you have stepped out of your path of utility—such as it is—to enact the part of an unfair and unscrupulous defamer of myself and the Water-cure.

JAMES WILSON.

Malvern, Nov. 4th, 1842.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the preceding pages were passed through the press, a friend, reverting to the safety of the Water-cure, suggested to me that I had not been sufficiently precise on the subject. Reasoning physiologically upon, and looking to the results hitherto derived from, the practice of it, it is, both with reference to its immediate and remote consequences, the safest and, at the same time, the most effectual plan of medical treatment hitherto promulgated. Ere long I shall be able to give copious statistical proof of this, drawn from its experience in this country, and particularly from my own practice in this place.

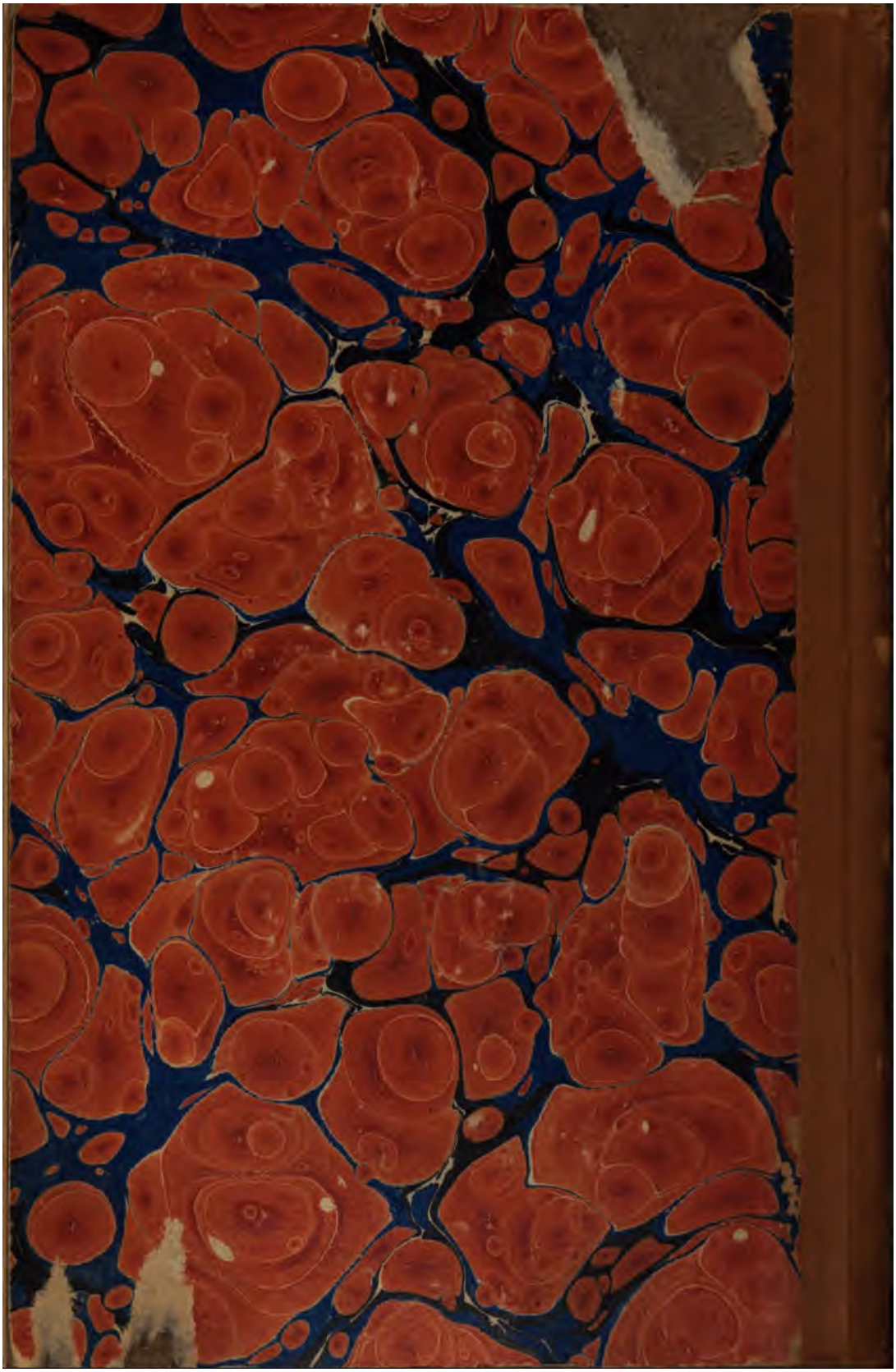
In the meantime it may be well to present to the reader a repetition of the table of patients treated, and of the deaths during ten years, under the treatment of Priessnitz at Graefenberg, which has already appeared in my "Water-cure." This table is taken from the Government Register kept by the authorities there, and which is open to every one: conditions which render its authenticity beyond a doubt.

Year.	Patients.	Deaths.	Age.	Disease.
1831 ...	62 ...	1	officer	... hectic fever, consumption.
1832 ...	118 ...	0		
1833 ...	286 ...	2	a child	... 6 .. scrofula, &c. and convulsions.
			a man	... 58 ... disease of the chest.
1834 ...	286 ...	3	a man	... 53 ... cramp.
			„	... 59 ... liver complaint.
			„	... 20 ... hectic fever.
1835 ...	342 ...	2	a man	... 65 ... apoplexy.
			„	... 35 ... internal gout.
1836 ..	469 ...	3	a man	... 36 .. pulmonary consumption.
			„	... 53 ... cramp in chest.
			a woman	26 ... hectic fever, inflammation of bowe s.
1837 ...	590 ...	1	a man	... 56 ... pulmonary consumption.
1838 ...	800 ...	6	a man	... 85 ... abscess breaking internally.
			„	... 26 ... pulmonary consumption.
			„	... 44 ... ditto, ditto.
			„	... 50 ... abscess in liver.
			a woman	38 ... cramp.
			„	50 ... apoplexy.
1839 ...	1400 ..	6	a man	... 60 ... diarrhœa.
			„	... 31 ... hectic fever, cancer.
			„	... 42 ... consumption.
			„	... 48 ... hectic fever and abscesses.
			„	... 45 ... consumption.
			„	... 56 ... apoplexy.
1840 ...	1576 ...	7	a man	... 23 ... consumption.
			„	... 25 ... ditto.
			„	... 50 ... supposed disease of heart.
			„	... 57 ... cancer and hectic fever.
			„	... 29 ... diseased kidneys.
			„	.. 53 ... supposed apoplexy.
			a woman	37 ... had not commenced the cure.
1841 above	1400 ...	8	a man	... 25 ... hectic fever.
			„	... 53 ... cancer of stomach, vomiting.
			„	... 40 ... consumption.
			„	... 50 ... disease of heart, lungs, and stomach.
			„	... 24 ... mercury and syphilis.
			a child	... 4 ... scrofula, enlarged mesenteric glands, and suppuration.
			a woman	39 ... cancer, hectic fever.
			„	45 ... cancer of the stomach, hectic fever.
	7219	39		

"The surgeon of the little town, who states the nature of the fatal diseases, is not the first pathologist extant, so that I cannot answer for his accuracy. Some are put down as consumption, or wasting: I have, however, ascertained that they were nearly all hopeless cases on their arrival—persons who insisted on remaining, when Priessnitz unwillingly acceded to their entreaties to try and relieve some of the symptoms. It will be seen that a number are cases of pulmonary consumption, cancer in its last stages, and some cases of apoplexy, which are very easily accounted for. They all arise from what I shall call, for want of a better name, *stupidities*, gormandizing, sweating, or lying in the wet sheets with crammed stomachs, and sometimes a little sly tippling, &c. In ten years there are 7219 patients registered, and 38 deaths. These are all strangers who came from great distances to consult the peasant; the natives are not included. Does not this speak volumes for the water-cure, when we consider that the majority of the 7219 patients were cases considered very bad or hopeless by their medical attendants, and that the 38 cases of death were most of them of a nature utterly hopeless? There have been some hundreds lost in Nice this winter by scarlet fever, a disease that in its worst forms is considered trifling by those who understand its treatment by water, by which a case cannot be lost except by the most stupid negligence and inability."*

Much unfounded alarm is propagated concerning the *crisis*. All I can say about this, and I have

* See Water-cure, p. 31.

had ample opportunity of judging—is that nothing can be more exaggerated. Out of many dozens of cases in which I have seen a crisis, I can positively assert that scarcely in one instance did the patient lose his dinner, or find it necessary to confine himself an hour in the house. The *crisis* produced by water must be treated by water—herein lies the secret of its harmlessness. He who, ignorant of the principles of the Water-cure, should attempt to produce a *crisis* and attempt to treat it by the medicinal means in common use, will find out his mistake, and the perilous nature of the undertaking he has ventured upon: and I could give numerous instances in illustration. But the thing speaks for itself in the results of Priessnitz's practice, where abundant evidence may be seen of the simplicity and safety of the *crisis* under the water treatment. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*; if they who have not studied the cure think proper to practise it, it is hard to make it liable for all their delinquencies. Would it be fair to judge of the drug system by the results obtained by a groom who should bleed, blister, and salivate any given number of the inhabitants of Malvern?

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